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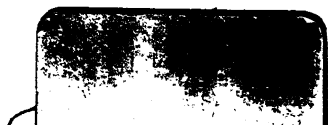
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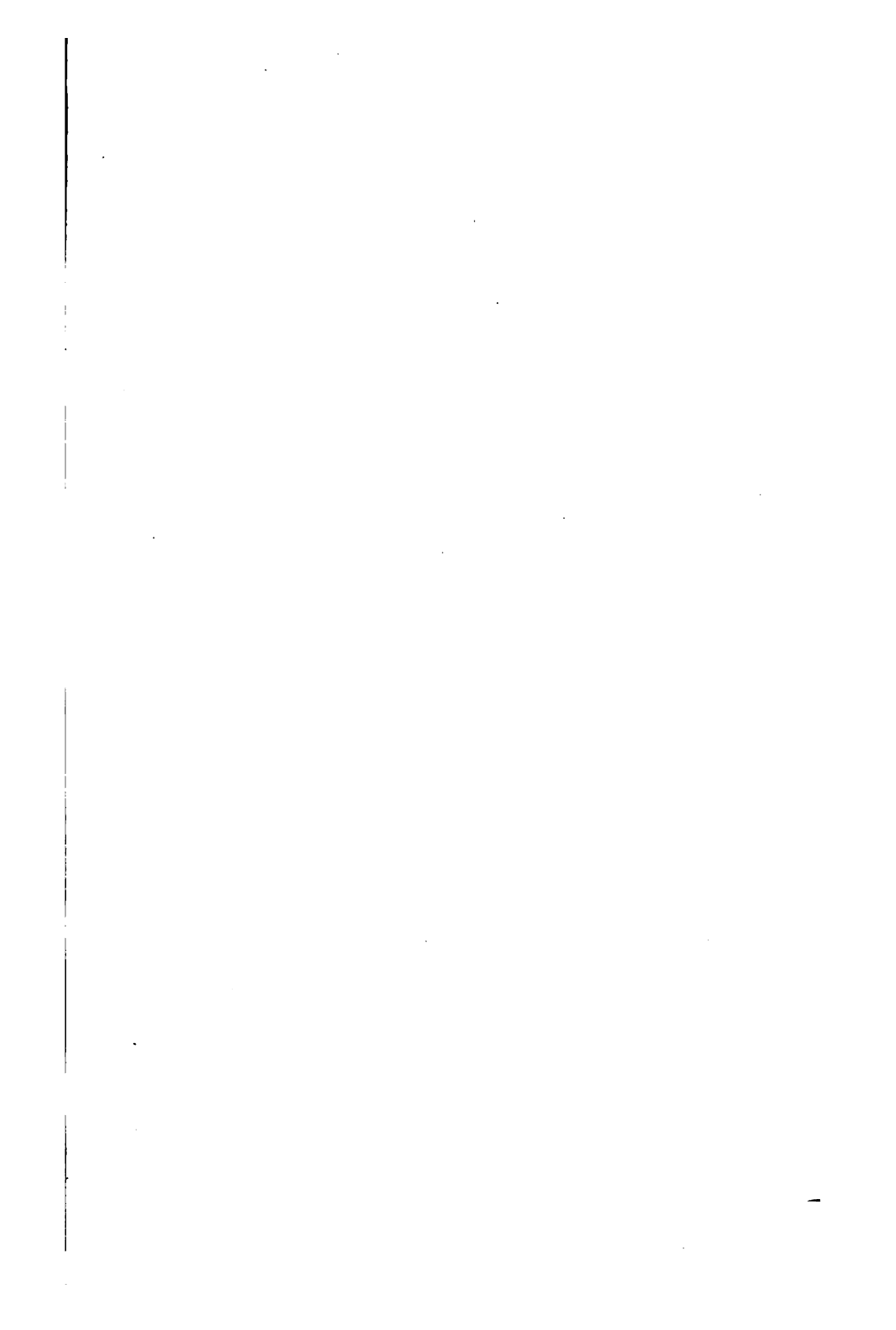
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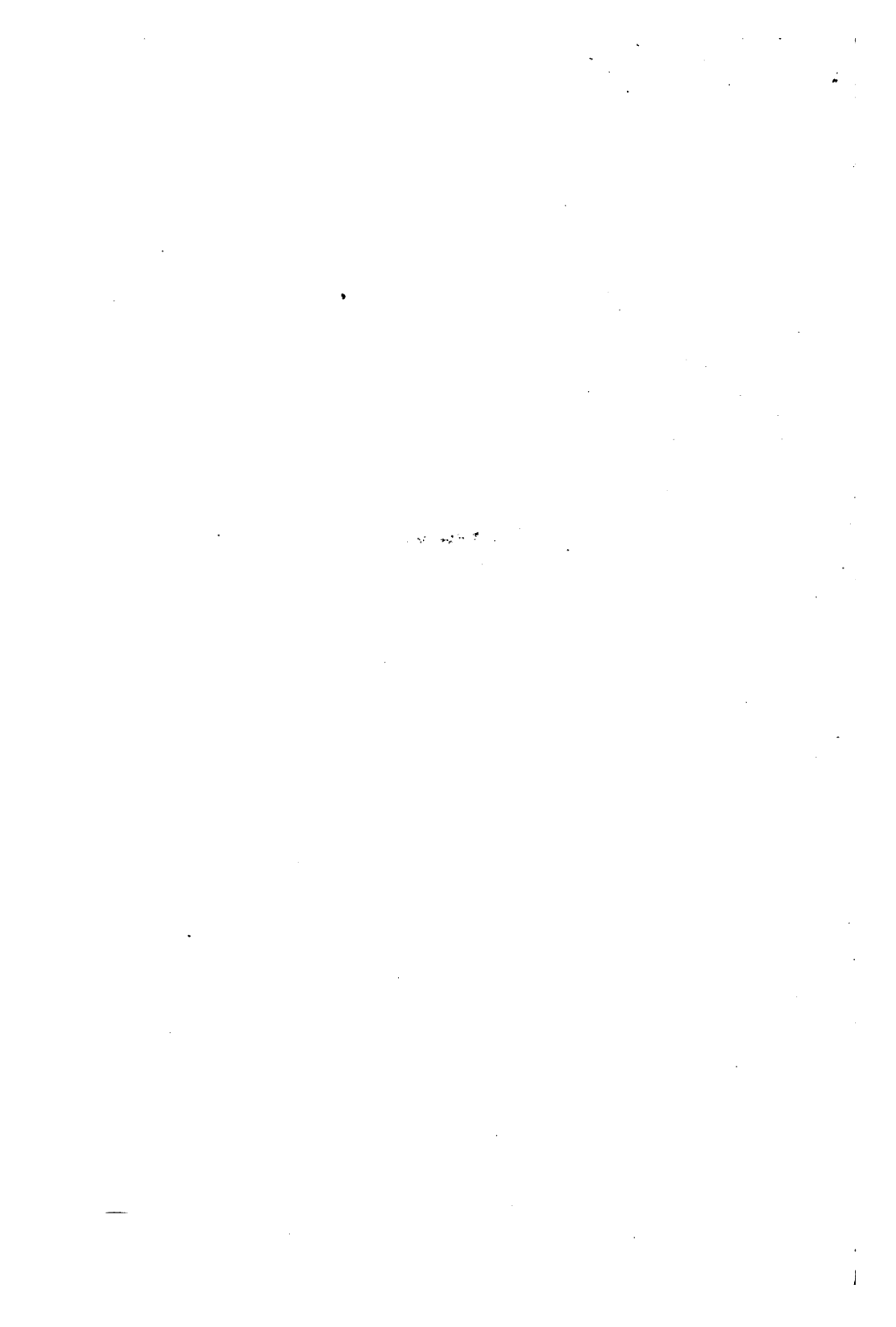
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ELIZABETHTOWN, N.Y.
(From the original painting by George B. Wood)

(See page 1)

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

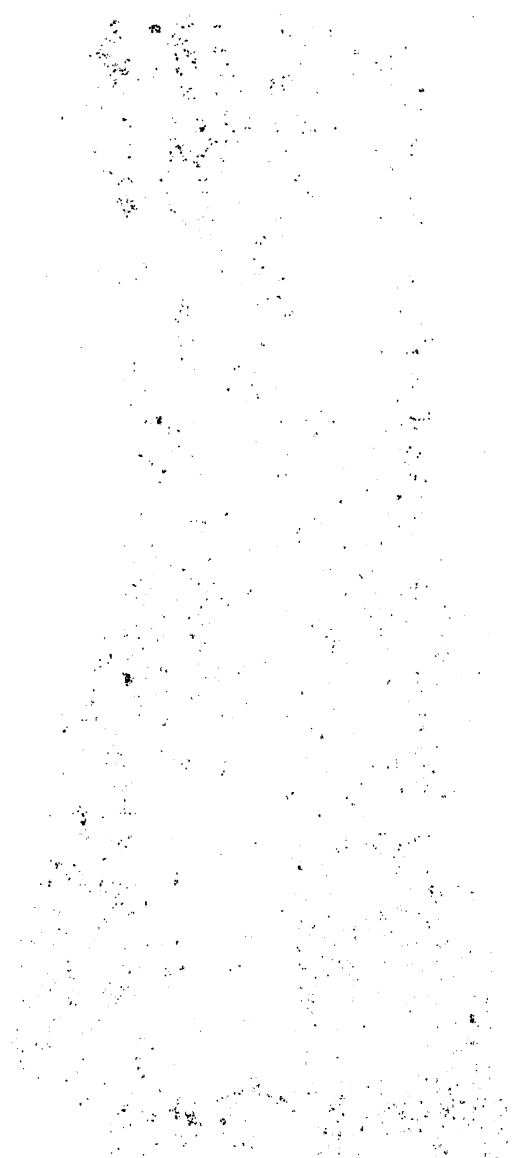
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A GIRL'S LIFE IN GERMANTOWN

BY

†

ELIZABETH W. COFFIN

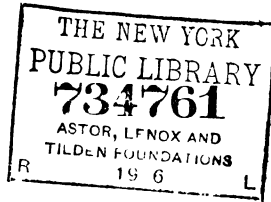


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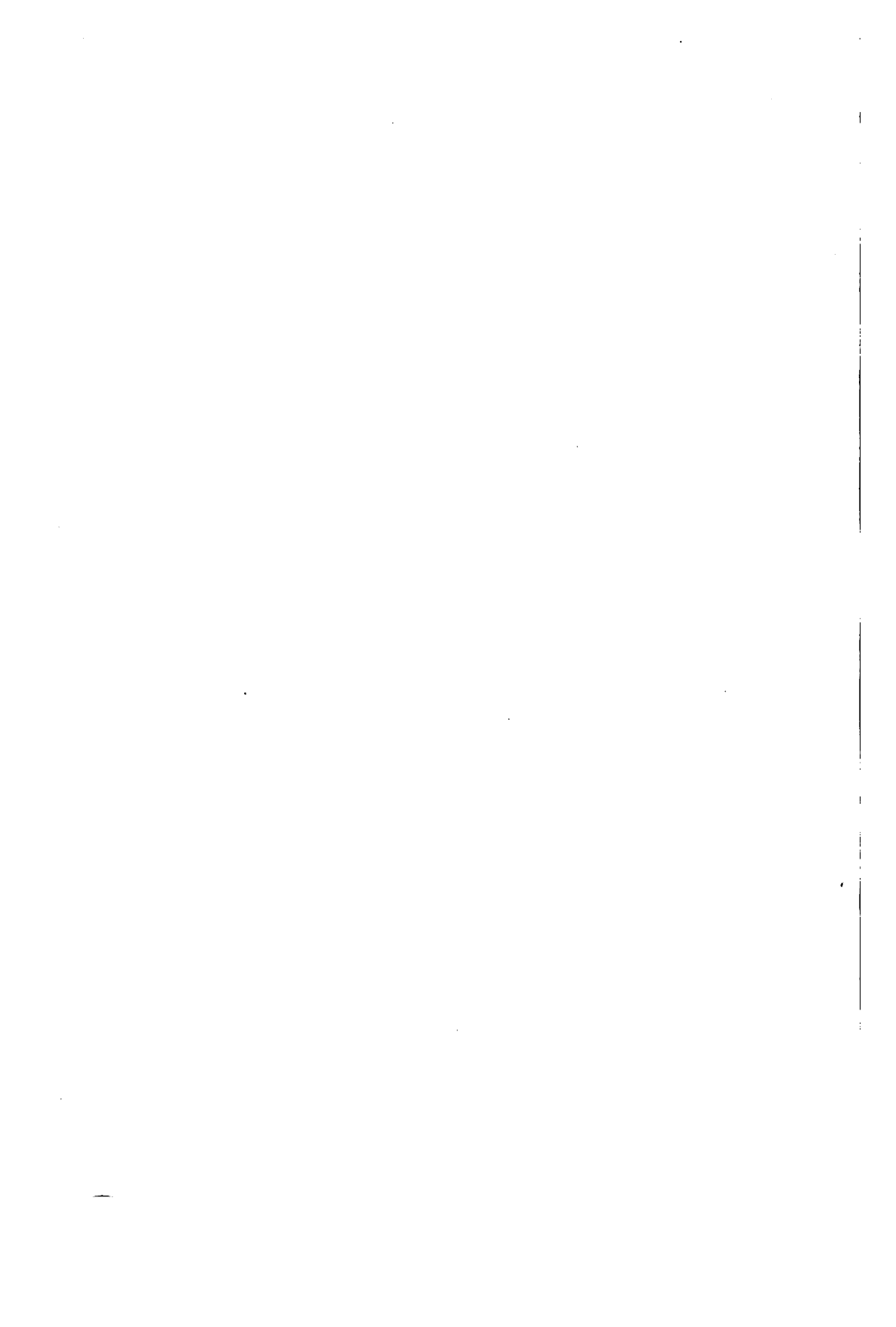
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ROY W. W. W.
CLUB
V. A. A. A.

INTRODUCTION

I have written this book largely in appreciation of my father's work in art, and for the purpose of preserving some of the photographs taken by him connected with various incidents in my early life. But I have also the feeling that my early life itself has in it some points of interest that will make the story of it worth reading by other girls, and perhaps boys. In the several chapters mention will be found of certain interesting friends of my childhood, who I hope will not object to seeing themselves here.

E. W. C.



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I

THE ADIRONDACKS

“By maple orchards, belts of pine
And larches climbing darkly
The mountain slopes, and, over all,
The great peaks rising starkly.”

J. G. Whittier.

My father, a painter, was born and brought up in Philadelphia. My mother was also born in Philadelphia, but shortly after the death of her mother she went to live with her Uncle Henry at Awbury, in Germantown. There she lived until her marriage to my father; after which their home was for some years in Germantown. Then they moved to Elizabethtown in the Adirondacks, where I was born, the youngest of seven children, two of whom were boys.

My mother and father took great interest in the activities of this little place, and my father revelled in its beauties, and in the mountain climbing. Taking a guide with him, he would sometimes be gone for several days, as he went cutting and marking trails, often over mountains never before climbed by white men. Sometimes he

would return with a canvas for my mother, which would depict some choice spot he had visited.

Though my life here was doubtless of great interest to me at the time, my lasting impressions of the Adirondacks came later, when my brother Whitney and I were taken by my father and sister Lucia to visit the scenes of our still earlier life. These days were filled with little visits to the people in the town, with parties and outings of all kinds, planned for our pleasure, but nothing surpassed the joys which the Bouquet River offered, with its old white wooden bridge, and the foot bridge passing over its smooth waters. There were beautiful walks and drives, which would carry us up into the mountains as far as Keene Heights. Making that our headquarters, we would go on wonderful walks, usually taking a horse with us for any who might become tired and wish to ride. I was counted of such small importance that I often found myself on the back of a horse with some one seated in front of me.

One walk we took is especially vivid in my recollection; that was to Lower Au Sable pond. For some reason the horse was not taken that day and I felt bitter disappointment over the fact. I can remember how tired I was when we reached the pond, and how I longed for my dear old friend the horse. At the pond my father met two friends who had driven over in a one-seated

(continued)





THE BOUQUET RIVER

(See page 2)



buckboard, and asked them if they would allow me to sit on the back and drive home with them. I was delighted and so scrambled up and settled myself, feeling very happy. All went well until we bumped over a water table, a place built in the road to carry off the water and prevent wash-outs. All at once I found myself up in the air, and when I came down the buckboard was no longer under me. That fall was doubtless the starting point of the suffering I have had to bear from misplaced joints in my back the greater part of my life. On the whole, the life at Keene Heights, or St. Huberts, as it is called now, was delightful, and we made many friends among the cottagers and outlying campers. Some years afterward this resulted in a rough Adirondack camping trip of seventy-five people.

The brook-fishing was our greatest excitement. We would follow a stream that never seemed to tire for an instant, rushing as it did over great boulders, shallow pebbly places, swishing around in deep pools in the cathedral-darkness of the woods, then bursting forth into the sunlight of the quiet meadow, with tall grasses and elder-bushes hiding it in places almost from view, and paying no attention whatever to the little fishermen on its banks, or missing the fish they had taken from its depths. The trout, almost alone of fish, chooses for its haunts beautiful brooks that wind

through moss and fern-covered woods, with birds of varied plumage and musical notes singing or chirping in the great dignified trees above them and the lesser ones that hope some day to attain the height of their grand neighbors.

A brilliant game it is this gamy little fish plays, but with him the game is one for his life. A foot-step on the bank, if not most quietly taken, will keep him in hiding, often for hours; a shadow cast upon the pool will make him shy and distrustful of the tempting little fly cast upon the water. The trout-fisher under such influences leaves behind him all thoughts of trouble and care, his heart is buoyant, expectancy fills his mind; there is nothing like brook-fishing to call one back to healthful content. If patient, a string of pretty spotted fish is usually his reward; but often patience goes unrewarded, as many conditions control the trout's eagerness for feeding, such as water too high, or too low, sun too bright, or too much food shortly before.

Of Lake Placid, which we two or three times visited, I have interesting recollections. The most vivid of these is of a playmate whom I found there, who for a few pennies would chew my bitter spruce gum for me until it reached the tasteless sticky stage. When that was accomplished I would mingle with the other children, chewing vigorously and with apparent relish. Spruce

gum had been my *bête noir* since first reaching the mountains; all the children chewed it, and they looked upon me with distrust, as I had been unable to acquire the accomplishment.

At Lake Placid I once made a serious blunder. Three other girls and I went in bathing with cotton dresses on, with my brother and several of the other boys standing watching us on the sand near by. The cotton dresses clung to us, and I learned from this adventure to have sympathy for the little boy in the story who in swimming, having left his clothes on the bank, heard a little girl who had been sent after him calling: "Johnnie, Johnnie, your Mother told me to tell you to come out of the water, and I won't go home till you do come out!"

II

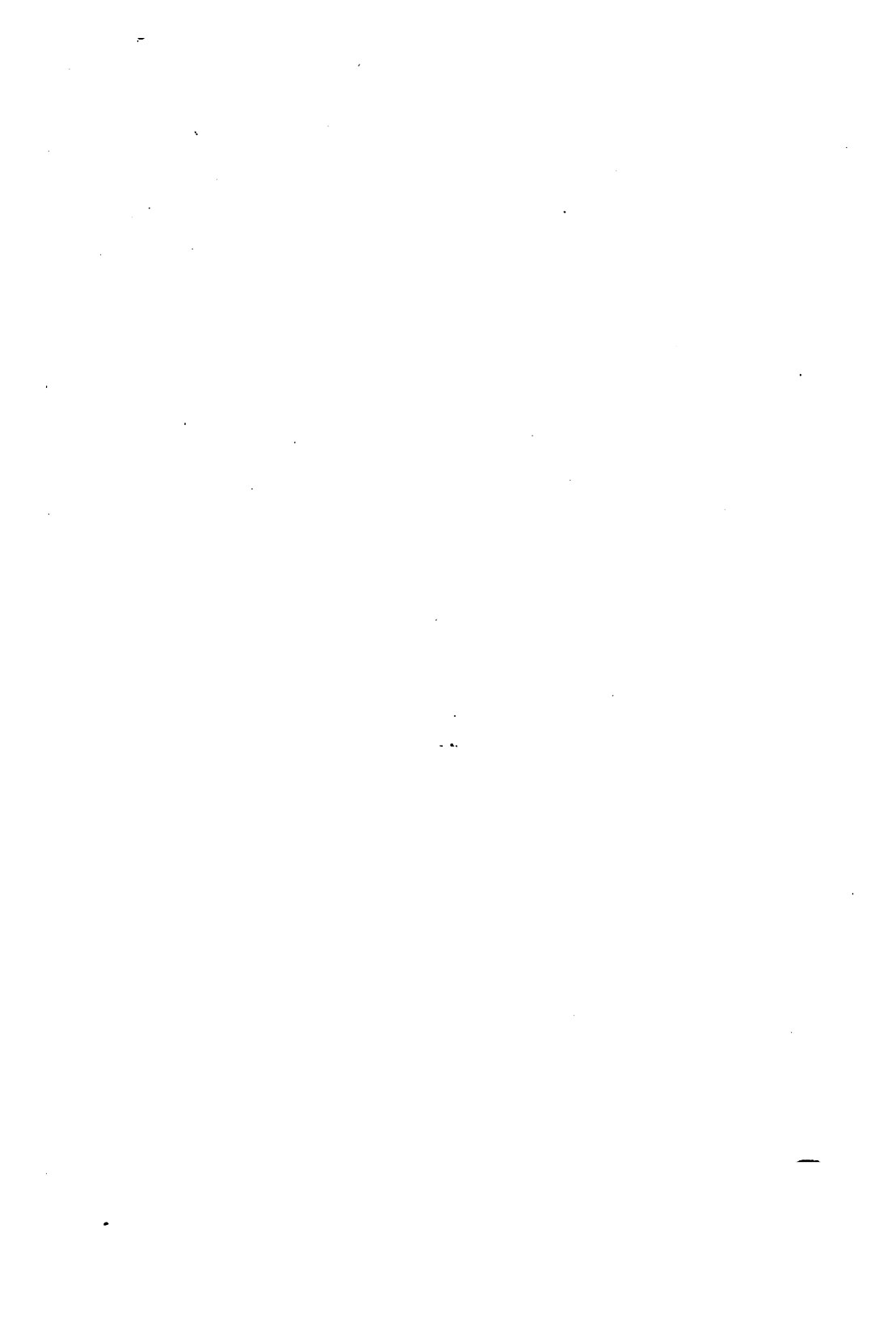
IN AND ABOUT GERMANTOWN

"His native home deep imag'd in his soul."

Pope.

My recollections of the Adirondacks, as I have said, belong to a period much later than my earliest childhood, for although I was born there I was taken at the early age of six months to the upper part of Germantown, where my family lived for many years. Our house, which stood some twenty feet from the Main Street, on which it faced, was colonial in architecture, with a rambling wing in the rear, evidently built at some later date. The front had the pebble-dash, while the rest showed the stone with pointing. The lower blinds were painted white, and had old iron flat bolts, while those on the second story were of a dark green. A broad brick walk ran the length of the house in front, and continued on the left side to the back, where it became very wide. The driveway was on the right.

The entire grounds were enclosed by a fence, and one entered the place through a small gateway, between two large maple trees. The house had a little porch, the roof of which was sup-





MINNEHAHA AND HIAWATHA

(See page 7)

The first of these was a small, white, oval-shaped object, which was found in the center of the field. It was about the size of a small stone, and was covered with a fine, white, powdery substance. It was found in the center of the field, and was the only one of its kind. It was found in the center of the field, and was the only one of its kind. It was found in the center of the field, and was the only one of its kind.

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ported by two round white pillars, from which ran on either side wooden seats, the floor being one great stone. A fence divided the grounds surrounding the house from the upper field, in which grew several apple trees, and there was another fence between this and the hay-field.

The barn was built of stone to match the house, with stalls for the animals, suitable arrangements for the feed boxes, and the haymow overhead. Above the woodshed, which was attached to the barn, my father had a studio built, with a north window, skylights, and an outside stairway. He had seen the announcement in a newspaper that the dry plate had been invented, and he immediately became interested in photography, since the dry plate made the process easier and more reliable. This outside studio he used chiefly to work with his camera, and my brother Whitney and I were continually made to pose as models. At one time we became deeply interested in a competition for a prize offered for the best amateur photographs illustrating Hiawatha, but for the photographs we got only honorable mention.

My father received many prizes for the photographs in which we children posed, and for others in which we did not appear. A little head of me took the gold medal at a Paris Exposition. Once Queen Victoria, having seen some of my father's

photographs at an exhibition abroad, requested copies of them, and my father had a book made up for her and sent her.

In early childhood I often went with my father to visit the studios of other eminent Philadelphia painters. I was too young to remember many of these men, but I do remember William T. Richards, the famous marine painter, William Sartain, the engraver, Isaac L. Williams, who painted a head of my sister Julia and one of me on porcelain, William Wilcox, who painted a portrait of me in oil, and Frank Stephens, the sculptor, who made in bronze a cast of my hand, which I still keep,—a cast which could have been made for no other purpose than to please my father because I was his daughter.

Mr. George Whitney, though not an artist, was prominent as an art collector; his beautiful collection I remember but faintly, though I do remember his very sweet wife and my visits with my father to their home at Chestnut Hill. My father's friendship for Mr. Whitney was one he took much pleasure in, and my younger brother was named George Whitney for him. After Mr. Whitney's death his collection was sold and his beautiful paintings were scattered to the four corners of the earth. I am thankful, however, that my father took photographs of many of them, enlargements of which now hang on the walls

of my sister Julia's and my own houses. By whom these were painted, however, I have no knowledge. As a child I visited with my father many of the New York artists, also, in their studios.

My brother Whitney and I would often be taken by my father to the Wissahickon. The walks through the bridle paths were wonderful and we loved these little excursions. On the Wissahickon creek we were taught by my father to row. Well I remember the struggle I had to accomplish the feat, which he insisted upon, of feathering the oar. I think every one living in Philadelphia or in Germantown must hold many happy memories of the Wissahickon. We would drive or walk there whenever it was possible, Sundays excepted, for to go there on Sunday was considered by the Germantown people not quite the thing to do. We had every day of the week in which to go, and Sundays were for the people of less leisure. One Sunday, however, I did go with a friend, and I can remember the little excitement I felt over doing something that was considered not quite correct. The Wissahickon looked more beautiful on that day than I had ever seen it. Snowflakes were filling the air and the trees were laden with snow.

In the course of our education my brother Whitney and I were taken by my father to In-

dependence Hall, Carpenter's Hall, William Penn's house, Mt. Pleasant, the home of Benedict Arnold, the modest house on Arch Street where Betsy Ross made the first American flag for Washington, the United States Mint, the Zoological Garden; and frequently over the men-of-war, where we would sometimes have tea with the Admiral. My older sisters doubtless enjoyed this, but to my brother and me this great officer was only a man. We enjoyed more the visits on board the U. S. Ship "Galena," where the sailors had a pet bear.

One experience, when I could not have been more than six years old, is very vivid in my memory. One night while I was eating my supper a man appeared at the open window, and holding out promises of candy and other nice things asked me to go with him. Of course I wanted to go, and I called out to my sister May, who was at that moment in the kitchen. The man bade me not do that but I told him I could not go without asking leave, so I called again. The man suddenly left and my father came in just in time to see him run down the drive way, and join another man in a buggy and drive off. Then I was warned never to go anywhere with a stranger. Germantown was at that time still in deep gloom over the disappearance of Charlie Ross, whose parents lived about two miles from our house.

III

MY MOTHER

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

Coleridge.

My mother's life of suffering was due to a fall she received while driving in a stage in the Adirondacks. The screws on the rear seat on which she and another person sat had fallen out, and the seat had carelessly been left loose. At a rough place in the road the stage bumped and the two women were thrown violently to the ground. In this fall my mother injured her spine and her health failed rapidly until she became a confirmed invalid. Only once after that can I remember seeing her walk. Her companion in the fall from the stage died a week after the accident.

My thoughts often rush back to my mother's dear sick room in our Germantown home, where in her wheel chair she sat so patiently, filling the air with the glory of her goodness, and giving out to others cheerfully strong hope for the wondrous

life to come, and help to make the world a better earth. It was a wonderful privilege for me to spend her first years on earth.

My mother had the most beautiful personality and she naturally inspired in me a love of life. Many outside people were attracted to her and the beautiful patients who came to her.

My mother's neediest, came to her for help and were made as refreshed. Her love and her care was made manifest in her every movement and her every word. Her sympathy interested me deeply. In her faith I placed my faith. Her faith in God was unquestioned. I grew to love my mother's faith in God. I firmly believed that God was real.

It was on the morning of the 15th of May, 1917, as I watched beside her, that she died in a deep, peaceful slumber. I never felt her from me in this life. The feeling that took place when she died was beautiful. Here was a God who had made the world and promised that He would take care of me. There was no God. My soul felt the need of God, who took years of fighting to come but the seed sown by my mother in God had then so carefully nourished its roots behind me and by and by I came to



ON HORSEBACK

(See page 2)

life to come, and help for the troubled life on earth. It was a wonderful atmosphere for a child to spend her first years in.

My mother had the most unfailing belief in prayer and she naturally inspired us with her confidence. Many outside people, knowing of her faith and the beautiful patience she was able through it to manifest, came to her for help, and none went away unrefreshed. In those years Dr. Cullis's faith cure was much in people's minds, and in that movement my mother was deeply and sympathetically interested and from it got much help. In her faith I joined eagerly, and my belief in God was unquestioning. Night and day I prayed that my mother should be made well, and I firmly believed that she would be cured.

I can never forget the morning of December seventh, 1887, as I watched beside her bed the last breaths in a deep, peaceful slumber that was to carry her forever from me in this life. The revulsion of feeling that took place in me after she died was dreadful. Here was a God who in His Book held out promises that He did not fulfil. There was no God. My soul filled with bitter unbelief, which took years of fighting to overcome; but the seed sown by my mother of trust in God had been so carefully nourished that its roots held firm, and by and by I came back into



ON HORSEBACK

(see page 2)

the realm of sure trust in God, in which now it is my great joy to live.

Our evenings with our mother until bedtime would often be spent around the open fire, listening to her interesting stories, with their morals, however, so carefully hidden that they did not detract from but rather added to our interest. Sad stories appealed to me most, but they usually made me cry. As I did not relish the others seeing my tears, in the moment of pleasant suspense, just before the story started, I would ask, "Is it sad?" This always afforded my older brother great amusement, but to me it gave help, for if forewarned I found I could so school myself that tears, those horrid telltales of our inmost feelings, I could keep more or less under control. Sometimes we would play "Come, see, come," my mother always starting the game with the above words. Then we would say, "What do you come by?" She would then give the first letter of an object in the room that was in full sight. This was her way of teaching us spelling, and we loved this game more than all the others we played.

IV

OUR QUAKER FAITH

"She wore a gown of sober gray, a cape demure and
prim,
With only simple fold and hem, yet dainty, neat, and
trim.
Her bonnet, too, was gray and stiff; its only line of
grace
Was in the lace, so soft and white, shirred round her
rosy face."

Lucy L. Montgomery.

My parents were of Quaker origin, my father following this religion to the end of his life. His mother and father were very strict in their beliefs and this made the study of art a difficult one for him, for an artist in those days was looked upon by Quakers as almost predestined to the loss of his soul. My father's aspirations doubtless caused much unhappiness to his parents, and his study of art under this disapproval was erratic and pursued almost entirely alone. Persistence, however, carried him to success.

My mother, though she had many Quaker relatives, was an Episcopalian, and this little division

in the family's religion led to a sort of cosmopolitanism in mine. I was at heart a great deal of a Friend, but when my father did not go to meeting on Sunday morning, my brother Whitney and I would go with our sisters to church. We went also to the Episcopal Sunday School. The Quaker meeting house, the Orthodox one on Main and Coulter Streets, with its quiet coloring and plain benches, the women all sitting on one side and the men on the other, was very peaceful to me. I sat with my father, against all rules, the only girl on the men's side, and this I did until grown up, when several of the dear old men Friends asked me if I did not think I was old enough now to sit on the other side. I felt like answering that I should never be that, as I always wanted to sit beside my father; but I feared it worried them, and they had shown me their kindly patience quite long enough, so I took an end seat on the women's side, and my father took an end seat on his side, with only the aisle between us. I never, however, liked the change.

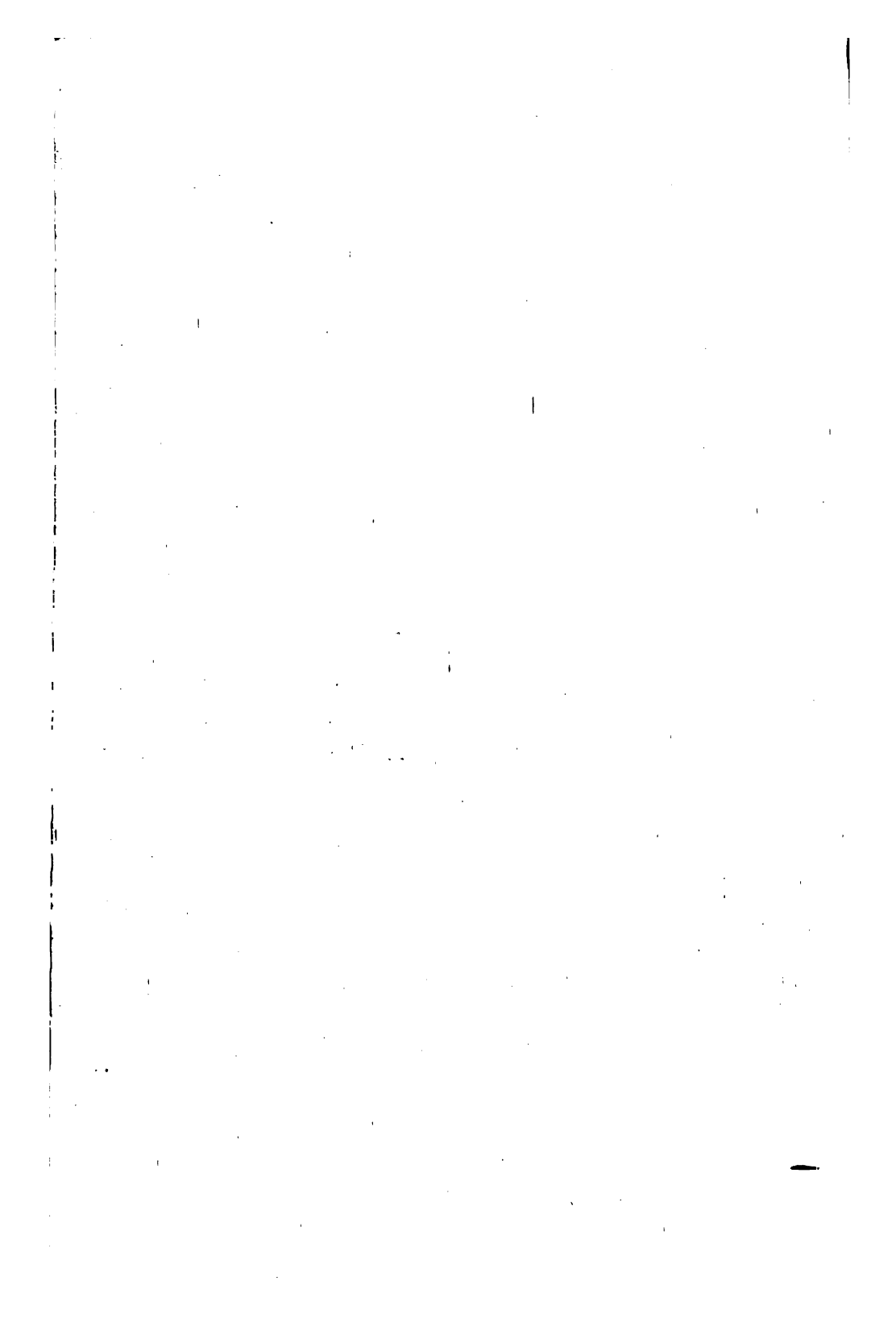
When a tiny scrap of a child I would sometimes go to sleep during the meeting hours, with my father's arm around me, but at other times, when the spirit moved some one to speak or pray, my brother and I would diligently count all the "ands" in his testimony or prayer, and compare notes afterwards as to who had been the best

listener and had heard most of the testimony or the prayer.

After meeting was over every one would chat outside for a few moments in the broad brick porch with its overhanging roof, and here I would make my father wait with me chatting the while until Cousin Frank Cope and Cousin Thomas Cope came and gave us a word of greeting, for a Sunday morning without this was a very unsatisfactory one for me. These elderly cousins always came, for they were kind and thoughtful of others and were careful to speak to every one. They were two of the dearest and most considerate men it has ever been my privilege to know.

My godmother and "Cousin Jennie," who lived with her, I dearly loved, and I spent many happy hours with them. I had been baptized, an event I have been told that I rather enjoyed, as I cooed and patted Dr. Vibbert's face while in his arms during the service. At heart I was really a Friend, but though the people of that faith did not believe in baptism I never regretted having been baptized, for it gave me these two very dear friends.

The grounds of the Quaker meeting house included the grave yard on the left, and the library and the school buildings with the outside gymnasium on the right, and my first days of school were spent here. Happy days indeed they were.





OUR CAMP

(See page 20)



OUR CAMP

(See page 20)

But I never reached my ambition, which was singing geography in Teacher Amy's room, for it was early decided that the walk to and from school was too much for my sister and me, and we were accordingly sent to a small private girls' school which was nearer home. The teacher of this school became perturbed in mind when she realized that music had purposely been left out of our education, for she looked upon music as one of the essential accomplishments for a girl. Immediately she endeavoured to convey her point of view to our parents, with the result that she was finally allowed to give my sister lessons on the piano at her house. This led, as she had hoped it might, to our studying music at the Conservatory, and the purchase of a piano by my father, which caused days of anxiety on the part of the whole family.

When my father bought the piano and placed it in the house and we children were having lessons in music trouble for my father began. Any one who knows the rules of the Orthodox Friends knows what an offence this was against the Quaker faith, and will not be surprised to hear that a committee was at once appointed to discuss the matter of turning him out of meeting. Glad we were when the suspense was over and we learned that our father had been treated leniently and had not been expelled. Whether this deci-

sion was inspired by special regard for him or because the leaders had somehow come to have a more tolerant view of art, I never knew, but cordial relations with our family on the part of the Quakers continued while my father lived.

My mother being an Episcopalian, I was never limited in my girlhood to the sober grays and browns that girls brought up strictly in the Quaker faith were almost universally obliged to wear. I remember well when some of the younger girls of my own age began to rebel against the plain dress. The most daring of these, however, at first never ventured beyond lavender, though the ultimate goal of their desire was no doubt glaring red. When they went further, in natural reaction at the narrow color scheme to which they had been accustomed, they often adopted a combination of colors glaring in its lack of harmony and startling to behold.

V

MY CHILDHOOD'S GARDENS

"Banks of bloom on a billowy plain,
Odours of orient in the air,
Pink-tipped petals that fall like rain,
Allah's garden everywhere."

Arthur Wentworth Eaton.

Above our house and grounds, on the opposite side of the street, stood a large rambling house that had about it the dignity of considerable age. It was here that my most intimate friend May Henry lived, with her aunt, Miss Bayard, one of earth's truest saints. Miss Bayard was small in build, energetic, and loving, an ardent worker among the poor, and beloved by rich and poor alike. Her life was one of absolute unselfishness. In her garden May and I spent many of the happiest of our childhood hours. It was a glorious garden; among the long beds, bordered with box, ran a multitude of straight and twisted paths, making a wonderful labyrinth and offering unspeakable stimulus to our childish imaginations. With the house were connected a greenhouse and stables, the latter containing a hay-

mow, where we spent many rainy days in games of hide-and-seek, and in jumping from the beams into the hay.

Often we would help John, the coachman, with the stable work. There were many little things we could do; sweep the barn floor, feed Prince, throw down the hay, and fill the trough for the horses by pumping. Sometimes we would be rewarded by a ride on Prince, bareback, up and down the fields, John holding the bridle and running at the horse's head. Our dogs also were a source of great joy to us. They would draw our sleds up the hills in winter, submitting always cheerfully to harness, and being looked upon by us, summer or winter, as our horses.

We had a camp of our own making in the field back of the barns, where our two cows grazed. Outside, on supports, stood a kettle, always in readiness over the fire. I quake when I think of the things we must have eaten from that kettle. The cows we of course counted as wild beasts, in mortal fear of which we always lived. In reality the gentle creatures would come and stand near us, eating any of the dainties we chose to give them from the kettle, or the outside husks of corn we had boiled. Gentle as the cows were, however, I remember a short ride I took one day in the air by the aid of the horns of one of them. Fortunately my father was there to kiss and make

me well when I came down, so I soon forgot my fright.

We had only to climb a fence to reach our garden, where we could get all the vegetables and fruit we wanted and not be seen, since the tall corn hid us from view. How well I remember, too, the great spreading tree that shaded our camp, and in which we climbed and sat. One day my brother dared me to go to the top, and I did go. I should surely be there still if my brother had not rushed off in fright to confide in our great friend David, to whom we could tell anything because he never told. David came with a ladder, and when I was safely on the ground he said, "I think I do not have to tell you not to do that again, but I wouldn't if I were you." That was David's severest way of admonishing us, and we all loved him.

The greatest treat I can remember was when, hot and tired, we would go to May's house and be met by her aunt with a smile and invited into the dining room to have raspberry vinegar. This she always made herself, and I do believe purposely for us.

After I left the Quaker school my friend May and I attended the same school and would either walk there or be driven, together. We also studied music together, and we were almost inseparable. We planned and gave Christmas

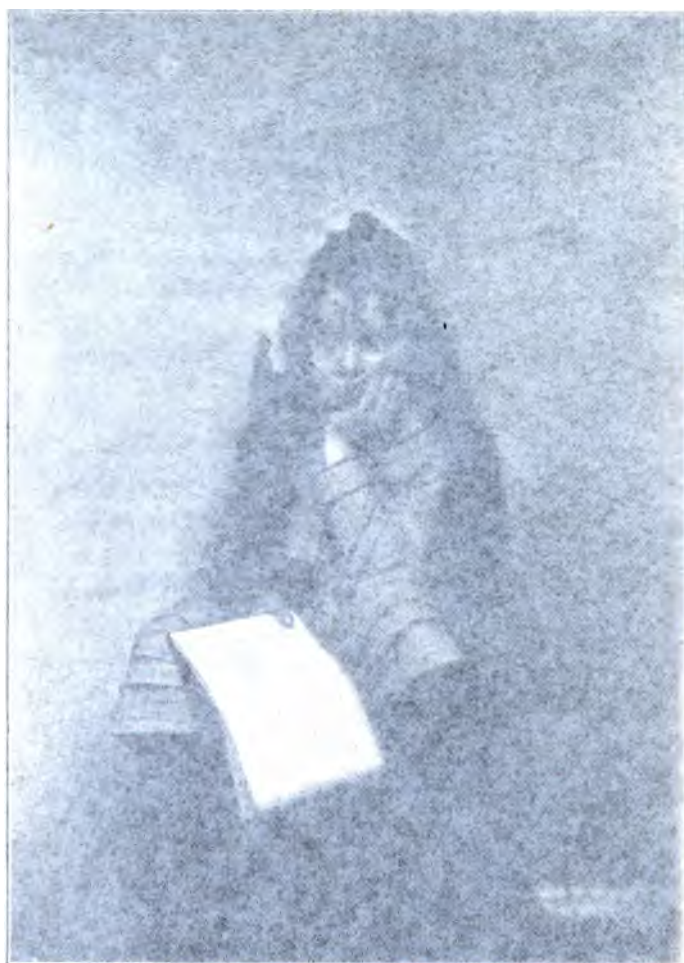
parties for the poor children in my father's outside studio, having a tree, ice cream, cake, and candy for them there, and giving them nuts, raisins, candy, fruit, and presents, to take home.

Very happy indeed we were, but our happiness was short lived, for when I was about fourteen or fifteen, God called both May and her aunt from earth. My last hours with them were spent in a lovely drive we took together one Friday morning. In some way both May and I took cold on that drive, and she died from heart failure the following Sunday night. I was confined to my bed for several weeks with what proved to be grip, so I was unable to go to her funeral, which was held at her aunt's house. Among my letters I have found a copy of the note I wrote Miss Bayard, which will express better than I can now the love and sorrow I felt at the shock of May's sudden death.

"Dear 'Auntie,'

"I really cannot help calling you that, for darling May was to me a sister, and there will never be another to whom I can possibly fasten my love so firmly, never any one to fill her place in my heart. There is one thing I long to ask, and that is that she may hold these few flowers.

"God bless all of you and make you all strong under this great sorrow, which has come so suddenly to us all.



MAY HENRY

1891-1892

letters for the post office.

My dear Auntie, having a
candy for them this
morning, candy, fruit and

Very happy indeed I was
was short lived, for within
or fifteen, God called
from earth. My last hour
in a lovely home we had
never at all. In some way
celebrated the day, and she
was the only one. Sunday
from my bed for some
period to be grip, so I was
feeling, which was held
Among my letters I have
note I wrote Miss Bay
better than I can now tell
at the slack of May's side.

"Dear Auntie,"

I really cannot help telling
Mr. was to me a sister, and
other to whom I can pass
never any one to fill her place
one thing I long to ask.
these few flowers.

"God bless all of you and
this great sorrow, which is
all.



MAY HENRY

(See page 19)



"I am in bed and have been since Friday. The doctor thinks that I must still remain there, so I shall be unable to attend dear May's funeral service, which I shall regret all my life.

"Hoping you will accept my kindest sympathy,

"I remain,

"Very affectionately,

"ELSIE."

Miss Bayard did as I requested, putting the flowers in May's hand. This was her last act on earth, for within thirty-six hours after, the terrible sorrow that had come upon her literally broke her heart. May had been her all.

Our place was divided at the back from another, which was much the handsomest in the neighborhood, simply by means of a high board fence. Holes had been cut in this fence, however, to put our toes in, so over we would frequently go to play with our neighbors' children, a beautiful girl and her brother. This great place had three main entrances, through wooden gates hung on tall gate posts. The wide semi-circular drive which led to the stately house had on each side tropical trees in tubs, and statues of various kinds. One moonlight night a small boy came to our house and we heard a little voice piping: "Say, is there any man living in this here house that would go with me into the next place? I've got a parcel for them there, and I'm

skeered of the images." I can well understand his fear, for the moon shining on these statues always gave them a ghostly look. By day they seemed to reign in the place in silent supremacy, but at night they seemed to me to step down from their pedestals and lead the strange, mixed lives their originals led in the historic past. Among the great palm, cactus, and lemon trees in their tubs were orange trees also, that filled the air with delicious perfume and hung with golden fruit. I can well remember counting the oranges one day, and then the next, to see if these droll people in the grounds had eaten them in their night wanderings. When I found that there were none gone I could not fathom the statues' apparent dislike of the fruit.

The middle entrance to this place was for pedestrians only; it opened into winding paths whose real purpose was to lead to the front door, though they loitered wistfully around the beds of flowers. From the lower entrance a driveway branched to the left, skirting our place, passing the upper greenhouse, in which grew apricots as well as many rare plants like the night-blooming cereus, then the lower greenhouse, and down a hill, with the kitchen garden on the right, under trees whose branches reached out far above one's head. This hill we called the "greenhouse hill," and at the bottom of it the road took a sharp

turn, going to the stables and the street beyond. The upper driveway, with great trees on either side, left the semicircular drive to the house, and continued straight to the stables and the farmer's house beyond, passing *en route* the clock tower, the summer house, and the gardener's house, and giving a glimpse to the left of the kitchen garden.

When the coasting was particularly good we could start at the top of the greenhouse hill, leaving the road at the bottom and going over a flat stretch to the next incline, thus nearly reaching the lower end of the further pond. Sloping upward from the left banks of the pond was a wooded hillside, crowned by an unused deer park. In summer this was an inspiration, for it was covered with periwinkle, anemone, bloodroot, wild geranium, and maiden-hair ferns, which grew in masses among the chestnut and dogwood trees. A footpath led through the woods to the better cared for walks around the ponds, which were divided by a pretty white wooden bridge, a similar one crossing the outlet at the end of the lower pond. This outlet was almost lost to view, so thick was the undergrowth and the poison ivy climbing and clinging unhindered everywhere about it.

On the right bank of the upper pond, which was filled with goldfish, was the pretty little spring-house, with steps leading down to the

room where the farmer kept the milk, with its stone floor and the spring running around the walls at their base, and with a finished room overhead. At the top of a raised retaining-wall, which prevented washouts, was the farmer's land, which raised cabbages, corn, potatoes, and farm truck generally. A road ran between the wall and the ponds, and from there on into the woods and the fields, ending in what seemed no-man's land, but was in reality every one's, for we children roamed there at our wills. The lower pond had catfish, frogs, and a raft as its charms in summer, and it gave us fine skating in winter. Here one day May went through the ice into the cold water below. I was near her and barely catching her in time by her curls managed to get her safely out. The pond at the time was crowded, and all stood breathless, none daring to offer help, as it was doubtful whether the ice would hold our combined weights. May and I ran all the way home, her curls when we reached our destination looking like icicles. From this accident there were fortunately no ill effects, and our lives went on the day following as if nothing had happened.

The kitchen garden was enclosed with a very pretty fence. A wide path, reaching from the upper gate to the lower and on between tall shrubs to the upper pond, gave us a delightful





THE KITCHEN GARDEN AFTER THE STORM

(See page 27)

A path crossed the centre of the garden, and at a gate on either side we could see the beds had been carefully covered over to give the best results. How could we have been in those beds! I was sure that we had found them delicious. I remember now. I recall that we were attracted by their large, luscious, and appetizing appearance. It had been more than anything else to draw me to enter this land of promise. This we would all too willingly do were the children of the garden with us, otherwise we very properly never would be missed.

But how we would scamper over the fence out of the garden's way when we saw David coming! I remember wondering just what would happen if he should catch us, but we never dared give him the chance. One day while we were in the garden we saw a storm coming. David sent us all home, and just in time for each of us to reach her abode. Great clouds quickly arose, gathering to themselves the power of death and destruction, sweeping, rushing, and gaining ever fresh impetus to go forth in their fierce anger and till the earth with darkness, wind, and a driving down-pour of rain. When the storm had passed, the grateful flowers which had been growing so peacefully on the stalks in the balmy sunshine were sadly withered. All had been beaten down by the rain.



THE KITCHEN GARDEN AFTER THE STORM

(See page 27.)

vista. A path crossed the centre of the garden, ending at a gate on either side, and the arrangement of the beds had been carefully planned, so as to give the best results. How I recall the flowers in those beds! The whiffs of perfume from them were delicious then, and are delicious to remember now. I recall also the strawberry beds, with their large, luscious fruit, tempting us children more than anything else to climb the fence and enter this land of promise. This we would all too willingly do were the children of the place with us, otherwise we very properly never trespassed.

But how we would scamper over the fence out of harm's way when we saw David coming! I often wondered just what would happen if he should catch us, but we never dared give him the chance. One day while we were in the garden we saw a storm coming. David sent us all home, and just in time for each of us to reach her abode, for great clouds quickly arose, gathering to themselves the power of death and destruction, swirling, rushing, and gaining ever fresh impetus to burst forth in their fierce anger and fill the earth with darkness, wind, and a driving downpour of rain. When the storm had passed, the graceful flowers which had been swaying so peacefully on their stalks in the balmy sunshine were sadly marred. All had been beaten down by the rain,

only to be caught up by the wind in its mighty strength, and pulled and twisted from their very roots. I felt sorry for David, as he stood afterwards looking at the havoc wrought by the storm, so I whispered in his ear that the garden was still beautiful, and it was.

On the lower driveway leading to the house stood the little "museum," with an uncovered porch around it; there I would often sit in the sun, either playing jackstones or dreaming of the hidden wonders behind the locked door. Sometimes we would be allowed to enter this house of mysteries, with its reminders of chivalrous times. I longed to delve deep into its secrets, but immediately upon entering I would be almost overcome by a strange feeling of fear. This was always perplexing to me, for I was possessed of the greatest desire to know all the contents of the place. That the museum was dark and damp was the probable reason for my feelings.

Of the wonderful games of hide-and-seek in the barn, which seemed especially adapted to this form of amusement, I have the happiest recollections. In these games we all joined, the older children, and John the coachman and his children if they happened to be around. John would seldom hide himself, but he would point out hiding places to us, from which we could easily and unexpectedly reach the goal. I recall the de-

light and excitement of being wrapped by him in hay and sent sliding down the chute to the floor below, there bursting triumphantly upon my surprised playmates.

The owners of this place were very hospitable people, always leaving their gates open wide that those who so desired might enter. This privilege was greatly appreciated by the public and I never heard of its being abused.

My sisters and brothers and I were sometimes invited to children's parties at this place, when refreshments would be served us in the summer house. There was a beautiful little girl there, somewhat older than I. She is dead now, but I shall love her and cherish her memory as long as I live.

The Chew place, the scene of the noted battle of Germantown, and the old Johnson house opposite, were but a short distance from our house. Between these houses and ours lived "Jack Sparrow," as he was popularly called, a man who claimed to have brought the first English sparrow to America.

VI

DAVID JOYCE

"Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too."

Cowper.

David Joyce, the head gardener on this lovely place, of whom I have already made mention, was a man of upright and kindly habits. He had a long beard, and large, soft eyes which would fill any childish heart with confidence. He never failed us. Wherever one saw him his presence seemed adapted to the spot, whether in the lanes, in the garden, at the ponds, or putting coal on the furnaces of the greenhouses. I like best, however, to think of him in the passage-ways of the lower greenhouse, where he would point out to us his cherished treasures among the plants, and show us how to cut slips and place them in shallow boxes of sand. He handled them all most tenderly, as if they were a part of his very being, and it was only with the utmost caution that we were allowed to use the hose in the greenhouse, for the flowers on the plants if bruised would soon wither.

We would often visit David's wife and children, and we always carried home in our hearts the lesson we learned from our talks with the mother and her crippled daughter. Their faith and cheerfulness seemed to permeate the very atmosphere, and visitors were always deeply impressed with a sense of the happiness that existed in that simple home.

How I recall, as if it were yesterday, the day David ducked my brother Whitney head first in the tank for some naughty thing he had done. No doubt he deserved the ducking, but as I stood and watched the process I became very resentful, and after leaving my wet brother at our own house I returned to have my revenge. My chance came soon enough, for David had started to water the flowers in the lower greenhouse, and in blissful ignorance of my stormy feelings he allowed me to play the hose. What followed was a literal cloud-burst, and how David did duck and run through the narrow passages, with the full force of the water on the back of his neck, driven by the furious imp at his heels. At last the outside door and the limit of the hose made safe his retreat.

As I had no idea of helping the enemy and did not intend him to find his work done when he should return in dry clothes, I shut off the water and ran home. But no punishment or harsh

words followed my evil act. When next I saw David he simply said: "Perhaps I needed the ducking too." In my resentment I had but watered a flower, the sweet-tempered patience of the man. My resentment now changed to a childish certainty that his great spirit had come straight from God.

VII

THE MAN OF MYSTERY

"A little note of mystery threading through our day,
Doubles our ambition, keeps fatigue at bay."

Anna C. W. Hancock.

Late one summer afternoon my brother Whitney and I were gathering wild flowers in the woods near the ponds when suddenly we heard the sweet notes of a violin. The sound was most unusual and yet it seemed to harmonize perfectly with the spirit of the woods. Even the birds, the little lovers of song, ceased singing or chirping in the trees to listen to it. Suddenly the music stopped and my brother and I walked to the spring-house, from which place it had come, to see if we could find who had given us this new pleasure. There, standing beside the window in the little upper room, was a man gazing aimlessly out, holding a violin in his hand. Putting the instrument away, however, he soon joined us on the bank of the pond.

He seemed a man of culture, and we quickly felt interested in, even charmed with, him. He

told us he was working for the farmer, incognito, and that he had preferred to occupy the room over the spring-house to the one offered him at the farm. He was doing farm work for a while, he said, to gain knowledge that might help him in his own work. He seemed to know our father and many of his friends among the artists, some of whom he mentioned by name. He also spoke of dinners he had enjoyed at which we knew our father had been a guest. Before we left him he made us promise we would say nothing about him at home. He told us, however, we might come again the next day at five o'clock, the hour when he was free from his work, and we separated from him, our spirits almost bursting with enthusiasm over our new found friend, and with joy at the prospect of seeing him again.

After this my brother and I so arranged our play as to be able to go to the pond at five o'clock every afternoon, and the talks we had there with our mysterious friend have about them a certain romantic interest that makes it a pleasure to recall them even now. Once the conversation took a serious turn, the man talking of the future of us children. He hated, he said, the thought of my ever growing up. He wished I could remain always as I was and never learn the artificialities of life. "You will become just like all other women, I suppose," he said, "even to wear-



DOG SHOW

(See page 20)



DOG SHOW

(See page 20)

ing a bustle." Bustles were then in vogue and I hated them and declared I would never wear one. He laughed a little cynically and said, "Oh, but I fear you will." The bustle has long been out of fashion; I was not old enough to wear one then, and I have never worn one since. Neither have I ever yet worn a ring in my nose or in my ears.

At the close of this day's conversation he told us that he was leaving the following morning and that the good times we had had together, which, he said, had helped him over what otherwise would inevitably have been lonely hours, were at an end. He asked us, moreover, to find out what the farmer thought of his work and write him. But he was to write us first. That night my brother went with one of my sisters to a lecture given in the town hall. The next morning he told me excitedly that the lecturer was no other than our spring-house friend. When we informed our father that the man who had lectured the night before had been working as a farm hand on the place next us, we were promptly told that we were idiots, that he knew the man and he had never worked on any farm.

In a few days a letter came to me from our friend giving his new address, the signature being the assumed name he had borne on the farm. My father opened the letter and read it and I

received a severe scolding and was forbidden to make any answer. So for the time ended a very pretty friendship of my childish days.

My father was a member of the Philadelphia Art Club, and on ladies' nights I would often go with him. These evenings were always delightful to me and I was continually impressed during them with the thought that no group of people knew how to enjoy an evening together as artists did. Certainly none work harder than they while working. They seem to have fully adopted the motto, "Work while you work, and play while you play." On one of the evenings spent at the Art Club I was surprised and delighted when I saw my spring-house friend enter the room. Of course I did not notice him at all, but he soon joined my father and asked to be introduced, so I now conventionally met him. I had so much that I wished to talk to him about that I could hardly wait until my father had left us to join other friends. Several years had passed since our parting at the spring-house and I was now grown up. He said, however, that he had recognized me at once, and I returned the compliment, for he had not changed at all. It was great fun talking over the good times we had had at the ponds, and telling each other of all that had passed during the years between. We both had so much to talk about that we could

not talk fast enough. I fully understood then his having worked on the farm, and appreciated the knowledge he had gained by so doing. A painting in oil of a farm scene at one of the galleries had been one of my especial delights. I had stood before it long and often. Each stroke of the brush seemed a master stroke and conveyed plainly its meaning. Of course I knew the artist by name, as he had become famous, but I had not met him, and did not dream that he was my spring-house friend.

While putting on my wraps to go home several of the women rushed up to me and asked me how I had got on so well with Mr. — all the evening. They said he was horribly shy and though they had made especial effort to talk to him they had not succeeded at all. I said I had not found him shy and I was surprised to hear that they had found him so.

VIII

DARING DEEDS

"Of all the things in memory's range,
Mild, wild, or fast, or slow,
We hold the dearest, nor would change,
Our pranks of long ago."

Arthur Wentworth Eaton.

My brother, who was only a year and a half older than I, was gifted with a most remarkable brain for concocting schemes for fun. I felt great love and respect for him and always entered enthusiastically into the things he suggested doing. One night he planned that after bed hours we should climb over the roofs from our rooms, dress in sheets, and sally forth as ghosts to frighten one of his friends. My room was on the third floor and when my feet were in the gutter of the roof, with only it between me and the pavement, I quaked a little, but I kept on and reached the ground in safety. When we went over the fence at the back of the house, we put on our white robes and all went well until we reached the lower pond. There a man appeared

with "Who goes there? Stop or I will fire," and we both thought we heard the click of a pistol. In an almost inaudible voice my brother told our names. I thought him wonderful to be able to make any sound at all, for my voice had gone entirely. The man was David, and how glad we were it was he even if he had spoiled our fun. He made us take off the sheets, and he walked with us to the fence, we promising that we would at once go to our rooms. The climb back was much more difficult than the descent, but after we had repeated our escapade several times we could go over the roofs and up and down the blinds with the agility of cats.

After this our evenings were occupied with most exciting adventures. No boy or girl has had a true childhood who has not put tick-tacks on neighbors' houses. This is done by putting a screw eye in the frame of a window, passing one end of a ball of twine through the screw eye and fastening it to a nail that hangs loose. When the twine is pulled the nail hits the window and makes a noise which always arouses curiosity among the occupants of the house. The people come out to see if they can locate the noise, but of course the noise stops until they are once more safely back in the house. Then it promptly begins again. Lying on your stomach in tall grass at the end of a ball of twine

and watching people's consternation is great fun. Sometimes they will discover the trick and then the perpetrators will quickly cut the twine and lie as still as mice.

Our especial field of operations was a row of houses near by, on which we could work with ease by climbing the fence and hiding in our hay field. These houses were built with the porches on the sides, facing each other, and one night we tied a piece of twine to the doorknob of one house and the doorbell of the house facing it, and then another piece *vice versa*. Next, ringing the doorbell of one house, we took to our heels. It was too funny to see the people of both houses appear simultaneously in their respective porches and find that they had been ringing each other's bells.

But our night fun ended abruptly. One day my mother saw me on the roof and she was much frightened, fearing I would fall off. We were then put on our honor never to climb from our windows on the roofs again. Being put on our honor of course made it impossible for us to continue this sort of fun, so we had to devise other subtle ways of amusing ourselves. Occasionally we would dress up as very poor people and beg for food at neighbors' doors. We found it hard to keep from laughing when we were given bread. Any prank we could think up we immediately put into execution.



Kind of

(See page 4)

and the whole thing people's consternation. In some times they will discover the truth, but the perpetrators will quickly edit their lies and lie as still as mice.

Our especial field of operations was the houses near by, on which we could get in and out by climbing the fence and hiding in the field. These houses were built with windows on the sides, facing each other, and each had a piece of twine tied to the doorknob of one and the doorbell of the house facing it, and another piece *vice versa*. Next, ringing the bell of one house, we took to our heels, too afraid to see the people of both houses simultaneously in their respective parlors, and that they had been ringing each other.

But our night fun ended abruptly. One day my mother saw me on the roof and was very frightened, fearing I would fall off. She then put on our honor never to climb on the windows on the roofs again. Being poor, our honor of course made it impossible for us to continue this sort of fun, so we had to devise subtle ways of amusing ourselves. Once we would dress up as very poor people and ask for food at neighbors' doors. We found it hard to keep from laughing when we were given food. Any prank we could think up we immediately put into execution.



RESTING

(See page 44)

The care of us children fell mostly on our oldest sister and we must have been a terrible trial to her, though to-day as I write my head holds as many gray hairs as hers. One day she decided, probably in sheer desperation, that when we were naughty, for punishment she would lock my brother Whitney and me in the attic. O mothers, take warning! Of all places next to the kitchen and pantry most dear to the child heart is the attic. Opening out of our attic was an unfinished room, with the door boarded up. We soon discovered this room, across which open beams ran, for no floor had been laid there. Knowing as we did that if we missed our footing we should surely go through the ceiling of the room below, to walk those beams was an intense delight.

The room we decided to call our clubhouse and we arranged it to our satisfaction. It had no windows and so was pitch dark, and we bought a lantern with a slide which we could close and thus shut out the light should we hear any one coming. Taking books from a great chest full of them in the attic we covered them with brown paper, pasting one blue band around each, numbering it, and making a catalogue of the whole. The shelves we made by placing wooden boxes along the beams against the wall in one corner of the room and then placing other boxes on top

of them. The question of light soon became a perplexing one, for the lantern would smoke and misbehave generally. My brother, however, with his usual ingenuity solved the problem. He arranged two shingles in the roof so that we could make them slide up and down from the inside and thus let in or shut out the light. My father, noticing from the outside the loose shingles in the roof, ordered a man to come and reshingle the roof. The man told him that there were but two shingles out of place and that the rest of the roof was in perfectly good condition. But my father insisted that there must be others and said that it was just as well to attend to the matter at once. The whole portion of the roof over our clubhouse was therefore reshingled, and we had to resort again to our lantern for light. In after years when we told our father about this the good man laughed.

My father had a wonderful portrait of Uncle David Wood, my grandfather Wood's brother, painted on heavy paper by Thomas Sully, the great portrait painter, and worth hundreds and hundreds of dollars. It was almost life size and had been put carefully away in the attic until the proper place in the house was decided upon to hang it. We knew nothing of its worth or my father's affection for it, but we found it and set it up and with it started a game of my brother's

invention which he named "Pokems." The scheme was to close the eyes tight, walk to the picture with the forefinger out and poke a hole in the face. The one who came nearest the eyes won the game for that day. Then Uncle David would be put carefully back in his place for future use. This game went on until there was hardly a square inch in that portrait that did not have a hole in it. How we did enjoy poking our Uncle David!

But the day came for the hanging of the portrait and we heard an announcement to that effect made at the midday meal. I remember one of my sisters asking my brother and me if we had been eating candy, for our appetites had vanished. I think when my dear father saw that portrait he must have been heartbroken. He immediately sent for us to come to his studio and he then talked with us about the destruction of the portrait for what seemed to me the greater part of a week. He ended by saying that he felt too deeply the loss of the portrait to punish us for having ruined it, and he knew that we must also feel sorry now that we realized what we had done. As I stood there dry-eyed, I longed for a whipping. I had never had one, but I felt that I should like the experience; anything would be better than my father's heartbreaking talk.

Haying times were glorious, not only in our

own fields but in those of our neighbors. We would rake, build houses, jump and sit in the hay, eat candy, tell stories, play games of hide-and-seek, and romp with the dogs, while waiting for the promised ride to the barn when a load should be ready.

Once, after the hay had been cut and we had the fields completely to ourselves, my brother thought it might be well to try one of his new schemes for fun. Accordingly a barrel was brought from the barn and we took turns in getting inside and rolling down hill. The one who stayed outside would stop the barrel before it bumped into the fence at the bottom. If you do not believe that this was fun just try it,—but look out for what may come afterward. The night after this adventure we were two very sick children. Our always loving family could not understand what we had both eaten to make us so ill, and we decided we would not tell them.

The raft on the lower pond had been in the water so long that it had become water-logged, and when one stood on it the weight of one's body would make it go under just about ankle deep. It was one of our great joys to get on it and paddle round the pond. To entertain a cousin who was once spending a day with us, my brother Whitney and I took her to the pond. When she was on the raft it seemed to sink a little deeper



STORY TELLING

(See page 44)

A GIRL'S LIFE

over this but in those of our neighborhood we played ball, jump and ring games, told stories, play games of hide-and-seek, and romped with the dogs, while the promised ride to the barn when a horse was ready.

Once, after the hay had been cut and the fields completely to ourselves, my father thought it might be well to try one of our schemes for fun. Accordingly a barrel was brought from the barn and we took turns rolling it down the hill. The barrel was so heavy it would stop the barrel before it hit the fence at the bottom. I do not believe that this was fun but I try it out for what may come afterward. Then after this adventure we were two very old men. Our always loving family could understand what we had both eaten for so long, and we decided we would not tell the

The raft on the lower pond had been in the water so long that it had become water-logged and when one stood on it the weight of one's feet would make it go under just about ankle deep. It was one of our great joys to get on it and paddle round the pond. To entertain a friend who was once spending a day with us, my brother Whitney and I took her to the pond. When she was on the raft it seemed to sink a little and



STORY TELLING

(See page 44)



than usual, and my brother thought we had better have our rubber boots, so he went to the house for them. My cousin continued to paddle about, however, and as I stood on the bank watching her I felt an irrepressible desire to join her in the fun. When she came within jumping distance of me I told her I was going to jump and join her. She screamed at me not to try it, but I was already in the air. I landed on the raft and on my feet in quite the proper style, but at once the raft began to sink. The depth of the water there was over six feet, and as she could swim and knew that I could not, she thought if she jumped into the water the raft might come up. She certainly should have informed me of her reasons for jumping in, but she did not. Seeing her jump made me think it the only thing for me to do, so I floundered in after her. I could not swim as she could but fortunately we reached the shore in safety, and we were just walking up the path when we met my brother with the superfluous rubber boots. Drying our cousin's clothes and sending her home in mine without our respective families finding it out was quite a difficult task.

One day my brother Harry gave Whitney and me a stamp-book that had been given to him. We were not at all interested in stamps and did not want the book, but as our older sisters and

brother seemed to take pleasure in doing nice things for us continually, we always tried not to hurt their feelings. So we accepted the book as thankfully as our insincerity would allow. We soon found that the stamp-book was not so utterly useless as it had seemed to us, for we met a stamp devotee to whom we sold it for twenty-five dollars. The proceeds we spent for elastics for our sling-shots, sticks of lemon candy, and lemons, which we sucked through the candy.

This occurrence started an ambition within us to enter the money world. After the next snow-storm we bounced over the back fence, shovels in hand, and hired out to clean pavements. Our mother heard of this, and as we were unable to persuade her to our point of view in the matter, we again went on the honor system, feeling quite out of pocket.

We next found a man who wished to train his dog to kill rats, of which there were at that time many in our barn. At once we set a trap that caught them alive, and again business flourished. I felt elated until I saw the dog, which was not much larger himself than a rat. Soon, however, word came that no more rats were needed. Whether the dog killed the rats we caught or the rats killed the dog I do not know, but of course our business again failed.

Dolls seemed to me an unnecessary thing for a

girl to bother with, but I had one that I liked because my grandmother had given it to me. The poor thing, however, was stricken with an illness that carried her from my care. My brother and I had flowers for her and a very elaborate funeral. All the doll's friends came to the obsequies and we buried her in the garden. Soon her grave became neglected, and we even forgot where we had buried her. A year or two later she came to life, for she was turned up by the plow. My father then repainted her face, and I was quite glad to see her. There were too many other things, however, to do that were better worth while, so I never played with her. I liked better hare-and-hound, kickie-downs, sling shots, bows and arrows, jumping duck-wishbones, and other like vigorous things.

Of course my brother Whitney and I had the traditional hole in the ground, by which we fully expected to reach China. One day while Whitney was being dressed for a party, I filled the hole with water, as I thought the digging might be easier if I did. Whitney came out spick and span to see what progress I had made, when suddenly he slipped on the mud and fell in. The sight was worth the scolding I received.

My garden was a constant disappointment to me owing to the complications of many roots from the large trees and the heavy shade the

branches made. The little lovers of sunshine and deep rich soil would only pine, but ferns and lilies of the valley grew well. But these, alas, did not need my care. My big brother had his pigeons and we our bantams, which were in a pen behind the althea bushes, off the croquet grounds. Our mother bought the eggs from us and the squabs from our big brother.

Once my father bought a donkey for us, a most unruly creature. For instance, he refused absolutely either by kindly persuasion or by the use of the whip to cross a railroad track. My father worked persistently with him over this idiosyncrasy, but fierce animosity arose between them, which resulted in a rapid growth of stubbornness on both sides. The donkey was at last given to a pet first cousin of ours, one of Aunt Bacon's sons, who lived on a farm in New Jersey. My cousin succeeded in showing him the importance of mending his ways, and he finally became almost agreeable in his manners, doing unselfishly the things he had previously utterly refused to do, and living in general a life of noteworthy service to his owner.

IX

MILDER ADVENTURES

"Come away back in the distance,
Back where the first lights shine;
Come and think over the mischief
We did when we were nine."

Elizabeth W. Taber.

The dainty white bedrooms of many of my friends appealed to my sense of what was fitting, for it was an age when white and gold furniture was much in vogue. In my room were some beautiful old mahogany pieces, and I invested in a pot of white paint and carefully painted them all. The change, however, did not give me much satisfaction, though I did not have sense enough to know why. But my room was now quite as dainty as the rooms of the other girls I knew. I am thankful to say that in later years these old pieces of furniture were restored by my sister Anna to their original dignity.

Robbers was the subject on which my childish fancy ran rampant. This was especially true after I had been told by my cousin Bessie that to

go to sleep without looking under the bed for robbers was very unsafe. After that I averaged about two robber scares a week. My family became accustomed to these scares and paid slight attention to them, but one did work most successfully. One night I rushed to my father's studio and told him with stronger conviction than usual that I had seen a man under my bed. My father was so impressed with my earnestness that he went to the street and got two policemen. One of these he asked to stand on the pavement below my rear window, while the other, with my father and myself, went to my room. As we stole silently up the stairs my heart seemed almost to stop beating. Terrible was my suspense when the policeman lifted the curtain and looked under the bed. All he found there was a pair of my boots.

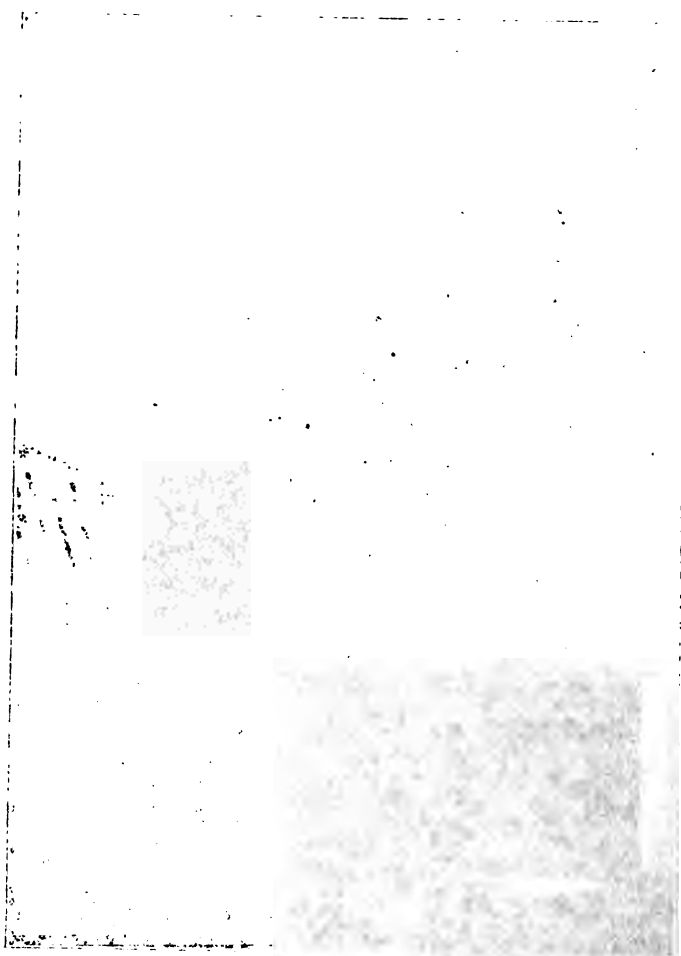
Decoration Day was a day I especially loved, for the soldiers decorating the graves was to me an inspiring sight. Even Christmas Day had no charms in comparison with Decoration Day, and I looked forward eagerly to it from one year to the next. As a rule my father took us to see the graves decorated, but one year he was unable to go. My mother was in a hospital and we were to go with Aunt Elizabeth, who was then taking care of us, but this I resolved not to do. Accordingly, while the others were dressing I hid under

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MY FATHER AT HIS EASEL (See page 61)

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MY FATHER AT HIS EASEL (See page 6.)

the dining-room table, thinking that when they could not find me they would go without me. Soon, as there was nothing else to do, I snuggled down in my obscure retreat and went sound asleep. I was awakened by my brother Whitney saying, "Here she is under the dining table." Then, as I rubbed my eyes, Whitney unkindly said, "You are going to catch it; we have spent the whole afternoon looking for you." I was glad to hear that word "whole," and to learn that it was then after five o'clock. By that time the soldiers were all safely at home. Of any scolding I may have received I have no recollection. I do remember well, however, that the day following every one I met on the street said, "Where were you yesterday afternoon?" My friends had all been informed of my disappearance, and many had helped in the search for me which ensued. I wished then that I had chosen a more romantic hiding place than under the dining-room table.

My father once bought a combination lock which was worked with letters, and had it put on the pantry door to keep my brother Whitney and me from continually eating up the good things there between meals. The lock worked beautifully for one day, and my sister, who was then housekeeper, was delighted with it. She of course knew the combination and could open the door when she chose. The second day my

brother Whitney took the lock off, examined it, set a combination to his own satisfaction, and then put it back. The next time my sister went to the pantry she found that the combination she had been using would not open the door; then she went to my father about the matter, and he, too, tried the lock. But he had no more success than she had had. He asked my brother Whitney if he had been tampering with the lock, and if he could open it. My brother pressed in a few letters and pretended to examine it, then he pressed the letters of his own combination and the door opened. I could see that this rather amused my father, though he must have felt that he had been outwitted. For the next day or two, whenever my sister wanted to go to the pantry she had to find my brother and get him to open the door. We were now put on our honor not to take anything from the pantry to eat without asking leave.

Joseph Pennell, a man long now in the limelight, for he has become famous through his art, was very fond of oatmeal, or some other cereal, I do not remember now just what. I can remember having been sent one day with Whitney to the store to get some for him, on one of his visits to our house. On the way home we dropped the package and the cereal spread over the pavement. My brother and I, equal to the

occasion, carefully scooped it all up, and I think there were four dancing eyes the next morning at the breakfast table as we watched Mr. Pennell eat it.

Our Irish maids, Annie and Susan, lived with us for years, until they married; which experience came to them rather late in their lives. They were good girls and I naturally felt much affection for them and spent many happy hours in the kitchen. How I remember the old range built in the wall, and the dear, merry teakettle always singing gently or boiling delightedly, the steam pouring vigorously forth from its spout and the lid quivering up and down. Then there was the old wooden rocking-chair, where I used to sit, and the coffee-mill attached to the wall near the window. Who can drink coffee that comes from the store ready ground if he knows the taste of coffee ground at home immediately before boiling!

What long hours I spent struggling to teach those maids to read! I could not help feeling disappointed when they once could read, to find that all they cared about was reading their prayer-books, and that they were utterly unwilling to pursue their studies further. They were good to me, too, for they allowed me to make molasses candy, beat eggs for the cakes, and do other things that gave me great delight.

Our childish experiences were not all pleasant, and the worst of our troubles was illness. I seemed, indeed, heir to all the diseases in childhood's calendar. Once, however, my brother Whitney and I got purposely sick. My sisters had the measles and we could hear Julia being read aloud to and we knew she was getting a great deal of other attention. So we determined to get measles ourselves. To do this we would lie on the floor outside her door with our noses at the bottom crack. When at last our efforts were successful we were disappointed to find that while we received all necessary care we did not seem to have the distinction we had expected. My sister Lucia had not only measles but pneumonia, and how we envied her this remarkable good fortune!

Once Whitney jumped on the back of a wagon and twisted his knee. I fear I was not very sympathetic with him. Jumping on the back of a wagon was right enough, but catching and twisting your knee was clumsy and stupid. The weeks that he was lame and was unable to play dragged with me fearfully. We were usually such inseparable companions that I was not happy trying to play alone.

X

VISITS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

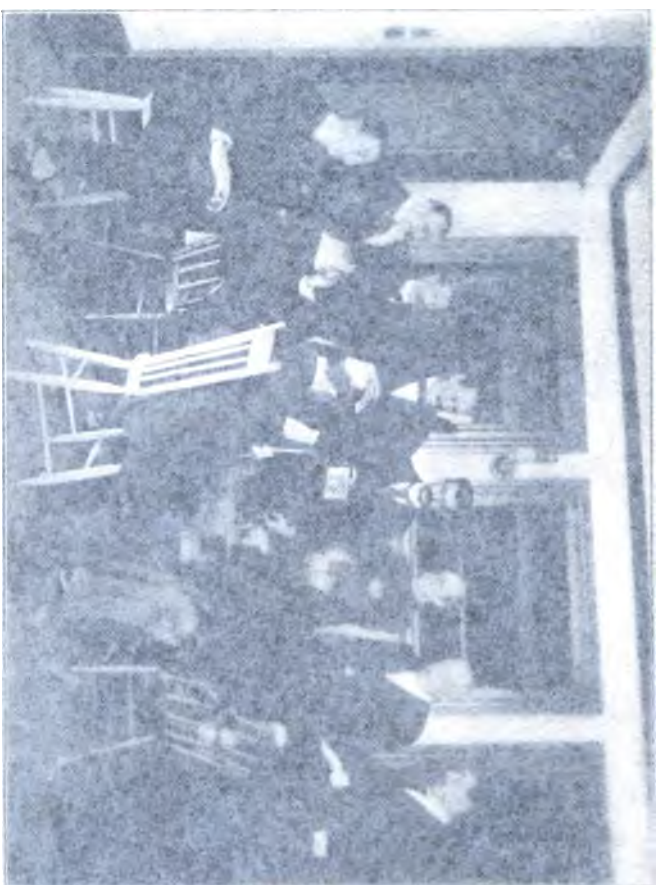
"Friendships are born, and friendships die,
But the fountain of love runs never dry;
The blossoms of faith may come and go,
But the roots of the roses live under the snow."

Arthur Wentworth Eaton.

My mother's mother and father I had never seen; they had both died before my birth. Of my father's father I have only faint recollections, as he died when I was still very young. But my visits to my grandmother, my father's step-mother, in her town house, after my grandfather's death, were always a delight to me. My brother Whitney and I would make her long visits together. Though our lives with her were less free than our home life in the country we enjoyed the novelty of the city. We had the square opposite her house to play in and it was interesting to learn the new games the city children played. With our grandmother lived our unmarried aunt, who suffered from some spinal trouble and was always an invalid. We never went to her room except when especially invited

by her, and these invitations and the visits that followed we cherished greatly. While she talked to us we would sit and look into the "busybody," an arrangement of mirrors fastened outside the window which reflected the street below and gave a view of any chance visitor who might be at the front door. This mysterious "busybody" was common to Philadelphia in those days; nearly every Philadelphia house had one. Our bachelor uncle, who also lived with our grandmother, did much to make these city visits of ours happy events. But when I was eight or nine years old our visits to the town house ended abruptly, for our grandmother suddenly died.

The dearest of all my aunts was my mother's half sister, Aunt May, who lived in Germantown. She always wore curls looped up on either side of her head precisely as she had worn them in her younger days when she was living with her grandmother at Reading. In those younger days Joseph Jefferson, the actor, with her cousins would sometimes serenade her in the evenings. Among the other interesting things she would tell us would be that General Cornwallis, during the Revolution, had been in hiding at "Solitude," the house of our De Benneville relatives, on York Road. Here, too, old Dr. De Benneville was married to Miss Roberts,—so she would talk on of one person after another of national and local



LASKER AND STEINMETZ AT THE FRANKLIN CHESS CLUB
(See page 61)

by her, and these invitations and the visits which followed we cherished greatly. While we were thus we would sit and look into the town house, an arrangement of mirrors fastened to the wall in a window which reflected the street below, and thus a view of any chance visitor who might pass the front door. This mysterious "busy body" was common to Philadelphia in those days, and every Philadelphia house had one. One of our aunts, who also lived with our grandmother, was much to make these city visits of interest to the events. But when I was eight or nine years old, our visits to the town house ended abruptly, for our grandmother suddenly died.

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LASKER AND STEINITZ AT THE FRANKLIN CHESS CLUB

(See page 61)

note, many of whom had had some direct connection with her life. Full of sweetness and sympathy, she still lives in her dear Germantown home, with its lovely little garden full of old-fashioned flowers that come up each spring to greet her with their sweet faces and their perfume, the benediction of all hearts that approach her, and one of God's very best blessings to me.

My first visit alone to my Aunt Bacon, who lived at Greenwich, New Jersey, on a farm, was not a success. I had never been so far from home alone before, and I was horribly homesick and longed to see each member of my family, but more especially my brother Whitney. I tried to hide my feelings, but it was no use,—they ruled me. Though my uncle and aunt and their seven sons did all in their power to make my visit happy, I felt no cheer until on the train, homeward bound.

After this experience Whitney and I would visit Aunt Bacon at the same time, for one, two or three weeks, as the case might be, and then all was changed. I adored my cousins, and loved the great farm, with its acres and acres of land and its laden fruit trees. I would hug and kiss the horses, but I never ventured into such familiar relations with the donkey, as I felt little confidence in the completeness of his regeneration. The boys had their own garden of pop-

corn and ground nuts and other things, and we would all joyfully take part in the farm work. After supper we would play "Lay Low Sheep" and other games on the lawn. Our visits here would be perfect, from the wonderful drives to even the stomach-aches received from overeating watermelons in the patch and peaches in the orchard. So our weeks at Greenwich would pass on as one lovely day.

There were also visits to my little Quaker great-aunt Hannah, always so dainty in her plain dress and little white frilled cap, the sombre walls of her house and its old mahogany furniture making a fit setting for the dear old lady. She was the step-grandmother of David Bisham, who encountered among his Quaker relatives, as did my father with his art, much opposition to his musical ambitions. He persevered, however, and became a noted singer, and one day Aunt Hannah said to him: "David, thou hast sung before kings and queens, but thine old grandmother has never heard thee, and she would like to once before she dies." Cousin David sang for her, "Abide with Me," and when he had finished she smiled through her tears and said: "If that is thy music, David, it cannot be so wicked after all."

At the house of Dr. H. C. Wood, my father's brother, I would frequently spend Sunday with

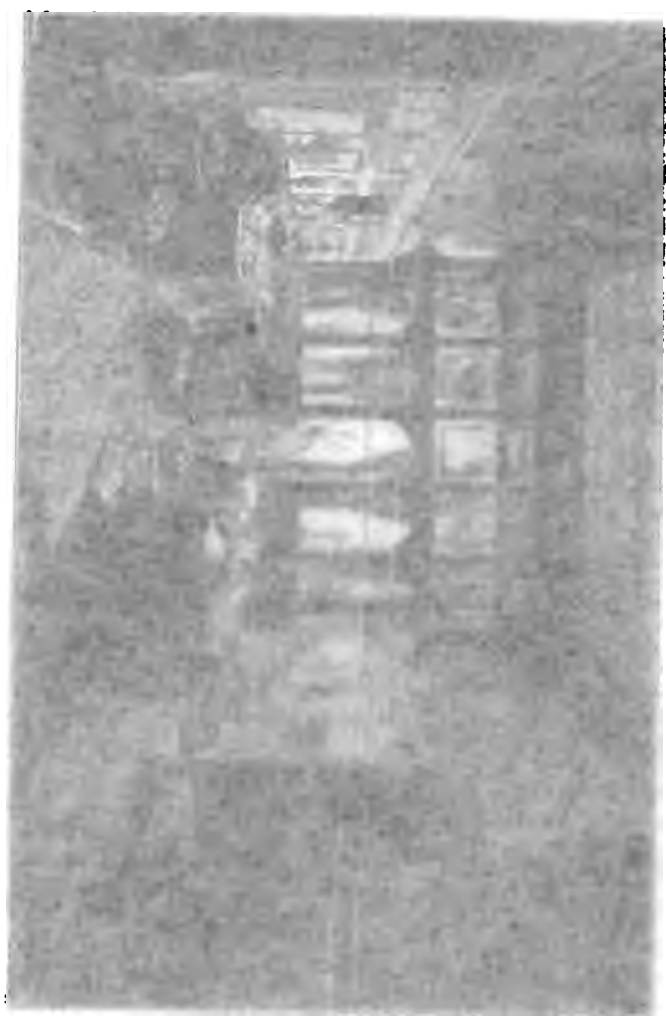
great delight, for his family was exceptionally united, and made me feel one of them. My uncle and aunt would often join us in our fun, and we enjoyed perfect freedom with them, though we still felt for them profound respect. Each year a family party would be given by them at Christmas time, their large house on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, being especially suited for such occasions. There were twenty-four of us first cousins alone, and with uncles and aunts and other relatives wondrous times would there be. Any bit of nonsense that would enter anybody's mind would be indulged in freely, and surprises previously planned by my uncle and aunt would continually keep the ball rolling. I remember at one of the parties they gave, my sister Julia went in a fine gown that had been brought her from Paris by one of our aunts. At supper she was having what must have been a most interesting conversation with Dr. Weir Mitchell, when suddenly the doctor allowed his melted ice cream to run down the front of the gown. Dr. Mitchell was deeply grieved over the occurrence, but my sister assured him that cold water would remove all the stain.

Mr. George W. Childs, in those days the editor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, was very anxious to have my father paint a picture in oil of his office. My father accepted the commis-

sion, and on several of his visits to this great local magnate I went with him. Mr. Childs wished the painting to be as near like a photograph as possible: every minute detail must be put in. The wonderful amount of detail in that picture as I look at the photograph of it now fills me with surprise. Mr. Childs was apparently a great lover of china. It was his custom to give a cup and saucer to each lady who visited his office. He gave me several, but as I enjoyed drinking tea from them there are none of them now in existence. Mr. Childs' promise to me of a china set at my marriage never materialized.

Among my many cousins were Edward Cope, the scientist, who was long prominently connected with the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia, and Edgar Cope, who were not, however, brothers, but cousins. Of the former, whose skull, which was very unusual in shape, is now, by a request made by himself before his death, placed in the Academy, I have one clear recollection. I once accompanied him to a relative's funeral, and during the service he persisted in going to sleep. His doing so might have passed unobserved had he not insisted upon snoring. To keep him from this I had to prod him continually. His apologies afterwards were profuse.

Edgar Cope was to my father almost like a



MR. CHILDS' BUILDING
FROM THE ORIGINAL NEGATIVE

1907

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Edgar Cope was to my father almost like



MR. CHILDS' OFFICE

(From the original painting by George B. Wood)

(See page 60)



brother. They rented a room together in the Drexel Building on Chestnut Street, near Fifth, which they soon turned into a studio. Here my father would paint, and Cousin Edgar, not being in active business, would attend to his financial affairs. The two men became deeply interested in chess, following closely the games played and the problems worked out by Lasker and Steinitz, who were then the chess champions of the country. To watch these men play my father would often spend hours at the Franklin Chess Club.

As I was growing up I would frequently visit the studio, and we three would have luncheon together, Cousin Edgar and I afterwards, very likely, going to a *matinée*, for we were both fond of the theatre. On one of these occasions we reached the play just as the lights had been dimmed and the curtain was going up. Our seats were in the first gallery, and as we went down the aisle I somehow missed my footing, and falling several steps landed on all fours almost at our proper seats. I was in no mood to enjoy Wilson and his comic nonsense, this actor being just then on the stage; I did laugh, however, when he bumped into a statue, and making a profound bow to it said humbly, "I beg your pardon."

The week-end visits my father and I would make to Cousin Edgar and Cousin Amy, his wife,

at their home in Overbrook, were always delightful. We would sometimes take beautiful drives together, occasionally stopping while my father photographed some of the many choice spots which are so numerous about Overbrook. I enjoyed more, however, our strolls with the Copes about their own grounds, with their several dogs running at our heels.

XI

GROWING UP

"That we should live and not grow old
Would be a tragedy untold."

Una Dunbar.

I can never forget my first long dress. It had an overskirt, too, which was insult added to injury. I felt "tied and bound" with it, and it seemed as if, on account of it, my old life with its care-free associations had come to an end. When I found myself robed in it, with my pet dog Koko I went to the garden and told my story of woe to the great cornstalks, who I felt understood me as nothing else in nature did. It seemed to me that the cornstalks waved and bowed their heads in sympathy, which was shared fully by Koko, who put his head in my lap and tenderly licked my hand. There would be no more watching and waiting, I thought, for the fruits in this dear garden to ripen for my taste. There would be no more boiling of corn in the old kettle, climbing trees, coasting with other girls and boys, hitching my sled to the backs of

sleighs, or romping with the dogs. I was grown up now and serious duties were expected of me. The cornstalks had probably realized that all this must some day come, but I had not. The new dress must have felt unhappy, too, when I left the garden, for I had been sitting on the ground and the tears that had fallen on it had not added to its appearance. Besides, I had been hugging passionately my old dog, and his muddy pats had left marks on my lap. A little later, one of my sisters asked me what I had been doing to ruin my dress so soon.

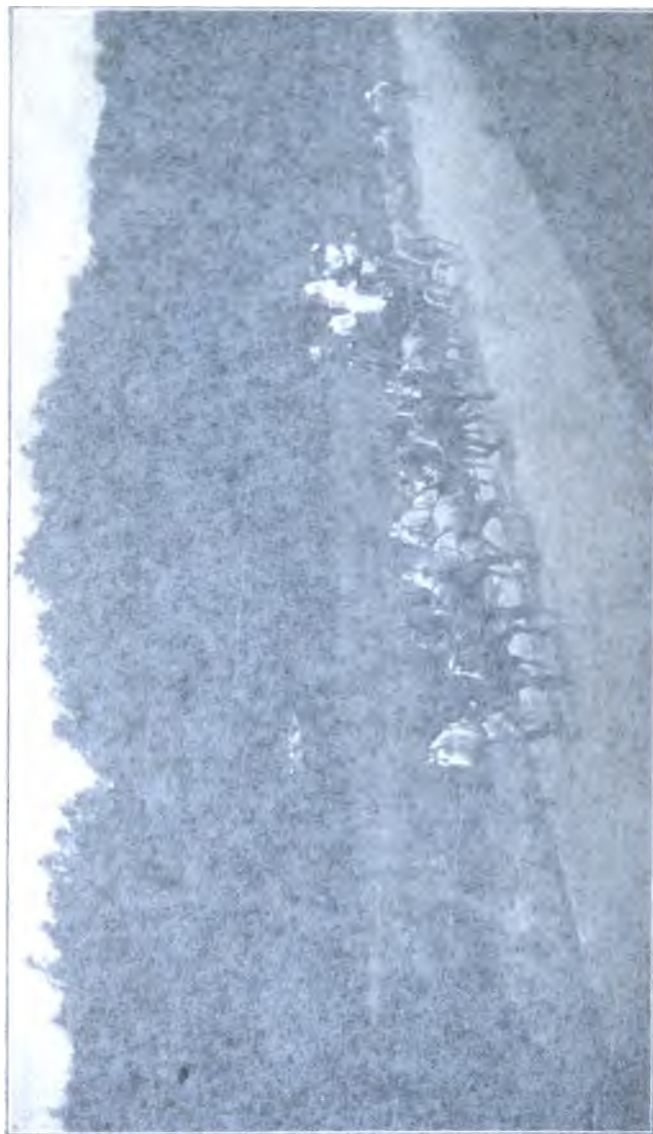
For a long time after this people and things all seemed unreal. Occasionally I would pinch myself to see if it was really I. Suddenly I became conscious as I had never been before of my hands and feet. My tongue, when I needed it most, determinedly clung to the roof of my mouth. I was dreadfully conscious of my limitations. The world was peopled with the same faces, but these all seemed changed. Everything went on about me as it had done before, but to me all was different. Garden parties were frequent with us on the beautiful lawns throughout Germantown, but the gay crowds eating chicken salad and ice cream and chatting and laughing under the great spreading trees no longer gave me much sense of pleasure.

A subject of much concern to my sister Lucia



MR. MILLER DRIVING EIGHT HORSES

(See page 68)



MR. MILLER DRIVING EIGHT HORSES

(See page 68)

was my formal "coming out," and the matter was discussed seriously with my father, I being present. My sister thought that a reception should be given for me to mark my *début*. But to me this was more nonsensical even than the long dress, and I flatly refused to have it. I *naïvely* told my family that I did not like the idea of standing up with a placard round my neck announcing that I was in the marriage market and was willing to accept any kind man who would propose. My father rather leaned to my sister's view, but I reminded them both that I had long been getting more invitations than I could accept from all the different sets in Germantown, from the Quakers to the gayest. I also recalled to my father's mind the fact that he had always said that he would shoot the man that married me, and that it did not seem fair to advertise for a husband who, when he appeared, was to be shot. My last argument settled the matter in my favor, and I am glad to say I never had to wear the placard.

True to his threat, my father did almost shoot the man of my choice when he arrived, and my marriage was only possible because I took matters into my own hands and went through the ceremony without a veil and orange blossoms, or even the conventional wedding march.

We had always kept open house, our cousins

and other friends coming when and as they chose. They knew we were glad to see them, and that was invitation enough for them,—the more the merrier. Our Sunday night suppers are fond recollections with me, with their usual salmon salad and preserved strawberries and sponge cake. Ours was a household of girls, and among our friends were numbered artists, authors, and musicians, so the evenings flew quickly by.

Our home life was so united, and I found so much pleasure in the companionship of my sisters, that it made going out rather an effort, though I enjoyed everything abroad, especially dinners, theatre parties, luncheons, garden parties, and teas. Dancing held but few charms for me. As I had been brought up half Friend I had never taken lessons, but I had learned the art in the summers spent on the Massachusetts North Shore. Though I went to several dances at Manheim and elsewhere, dancing an entire evening seemed rather a waste of time; an hour or two I could enjoy.

I was blessed with one sister to whom I could tell anything, knowing that if I needed advice I would get from her the best. She was always calm, just, and far-sighted in her judgments, and I found I could always follow her advice with good results. Her death in later years was a great loss to me.

XII

COACHING AND CRICKET

"Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds to horse! away."

Colley Cibber.

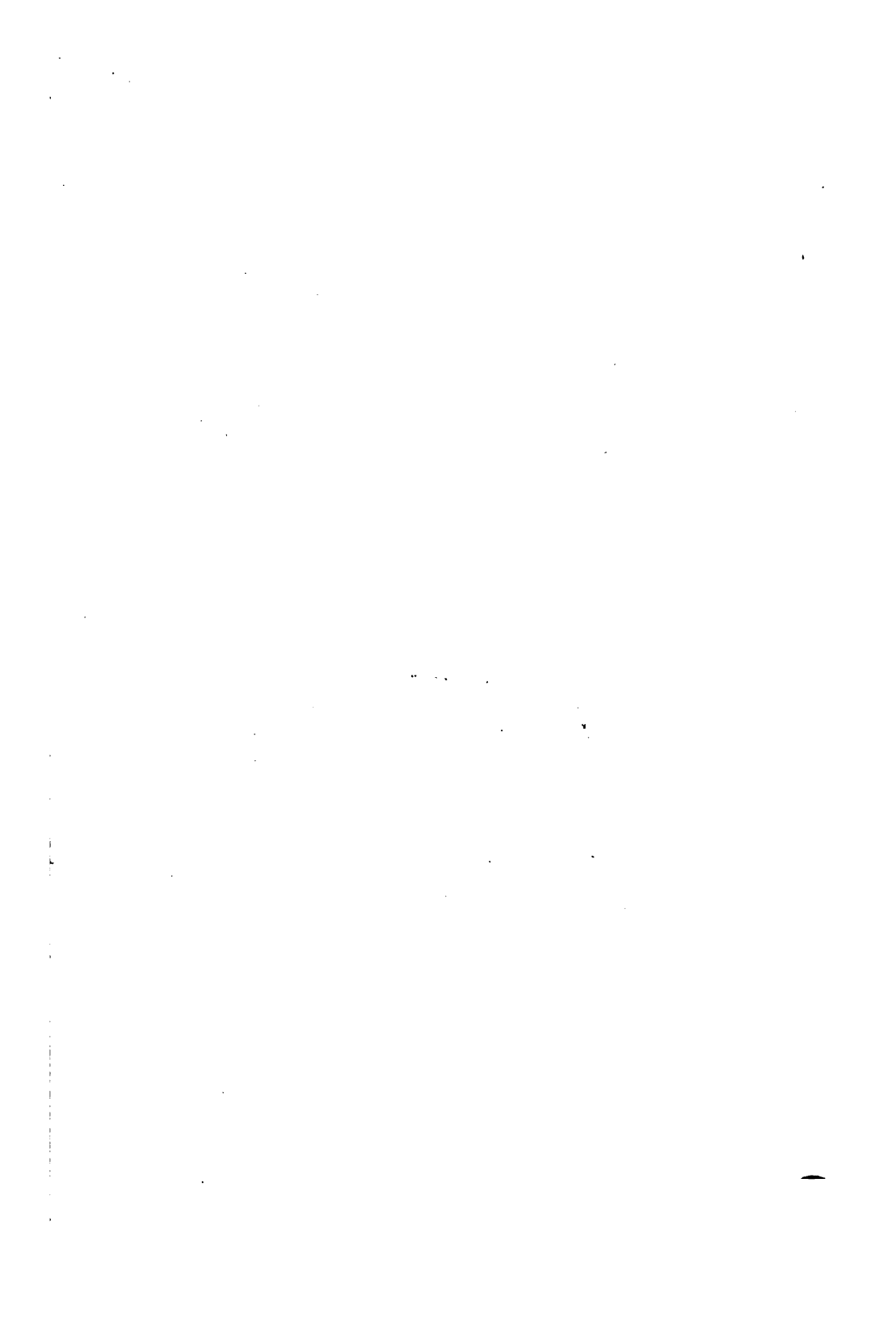
One of the jolliest amusements of my grown-up girlhood days was the coaching parties my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, often gave. These excursions were fine, long drives, either for the whole day or just for the afternoon. Sometimes we would stop at a wayside inn for luncheon, or, better still, we would eat luncheon brought by our hostess in some beautiful spot in the woods. When we had these picnics the horses would be taken out of their harness and tied to trees near by, where they would have their oats and take their hour's rest.

On these trips every one would be at his merriest, for there was absolute unrestraint among us, such good friends we all were. Frequently several coaches would join in the day's outing, and the seat of honor on any one of them would be beside the driver. Of course all the women wished in their hearts to have this place, though

none dared say so, and we would all anxiously await the invitation, each trying to look unconscious as if she were thinking of something else. The lucky one would find it difficult to hide her feelings of elation and she would be apt either to chat about nothing so incessantly that she would be tiresome, or else be struck dumb and so appear at her worst. My sympathies were with the driver, but it was a delight to be so near the horses, their sturdy bodies showing such strength in the rising of their muscles at every motion, their glossy backs reflecting the sunshine, and their gait showing evident exhilaration and pride.

In a whole day's run we always had a relay of horses sent the day previous to some midway inn. Great pride was taken by the driver of each coach, who was the owner as well, to make the change of horses as quickly as possible. As we approached an inn my father would toot the horn, a thing he always loved well to do, and when we pulled up, the fresh horses would be waiting for us in the road. The lady seated on the box would unbuckle the reins so that they could be thrown on the backs of the horses as soon as the stablemen were at their heads; then in a moment we would be off again, and bowling away as before.

Sometimes our host would drive with six or eight horses instead of four. If one were on the box with him it was a wonderful experience to see





LORD HAWKE AND SOME OF HIS TEAM

(See page 69)

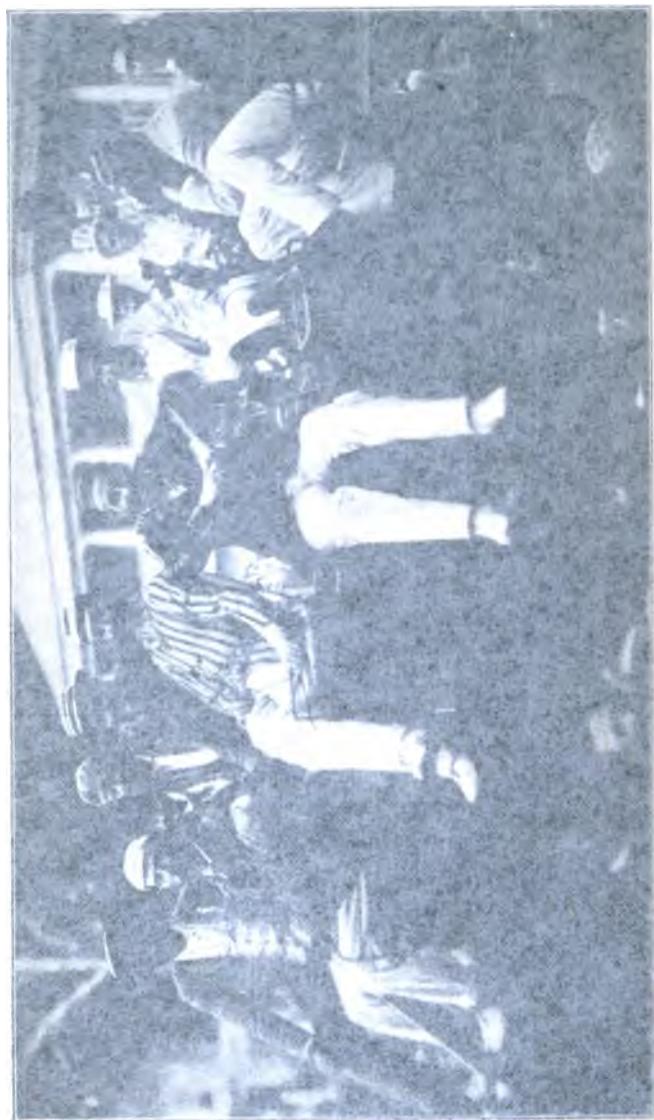
carefully managed, it can be a very healthy and profitable business. It is a business of great interest to the community, and it is one that can be developed to a very high degree. It is a business that can be developed to a very high degree, and it is one that can be developed to a very high degree.

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FORD HYAKU AND SOME OF HIS TEAM

See page 100

his masterly management of his spirited steeds. An event of great interest in the whole coaching world of Philadelphia, ourselves included, was a certain special coaching parade. This of course went off with great *éclat*, hosts of people all along the road turning out to see it.

In my young days cricket, too, had great charms for all young Philadelphians, girls and boys alike. The "Country Farmers," the Chestnut Hill boys called their team, and we girls also chose our own merry captain and organized a team for ourselves. After practising at Manheim for some weeks we played a match with the "Country Farmers" on their own grounds. The boys, to give us a handicap, said that they, too, would wear skirts, and would play left-handed. In the progress of the game we found the men, as we thought, winning too easily, and at last our captain discovered that they had chosen naturally left-handed men to go to the bat. We of course remonstrated, and then the game progressed more in our favor. It was especially funny to see the boys struggling with their skirts when they wished to get something out of their trousers-pockets. This performance they exaggerated when they saw it made us girls laugh.

At last it was announced that Lord Hawke and his famous team were coming to America from England, and would play a game at Man-

heim. Great preparations were made for this game, the Manheim team gave themselves daily practice, and there was great excitement over the good times every one expected to have. When the English team did arrive my friend, Mr. Miller, drove them daily to and from the grounds on his coach, my father also always going along. The coach would be left between the junior clubhouse and the grandstand, and a group of us would occupy it during the game. The pleasure we had anticipated from the visit of the English cricketers was far and away surpassed by the realization.



THE COACHES AND THE GRANDSTAND

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leim. Great preparations were made for the game, the Marquette team gave themselves practice, and there was great excitement. Good times every one expected to have. When the English team did arrive my friend Miller, drove them daily to and from the ground. On his coach, my father also always gave a ride. The coach would be left between the grandstand house and the grandstand, and a crowd would occupy it during the game. Little children participated from the very front row. The coach was far and away the best of its kind.



THE COACHES AND THE GRANDSTAND

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XIII

THE BREAKING UP OF HOME

“Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o’er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o’er sea or land we roam?”

Thomas Moore.

My eldest sister had married when I was but a child, a sister of the groom-elect and I acting as flower girls at the wedding. As time went on I watched with sadness my other sisters one by one taking the same inevitable step. At each of these events my tears flowed freely, though unseen. My sister Anna married, but she settled in Germantown, so that was not quite so hard for me, but my sister Julia’s trunk, which I packed and which was to follow her to Boston, held many little drops of salt water when the time came for the closing of the lid. Although I had performed my duties as bridesmaid for her dry-eyed, a similarly bedewed trunk followed my sister Lucia to New York.

Soon after this the dear old home was broken up, but it lives to-day in my memory, the home

of my youth, where were laid, stone by stone, the foundations of all that is best in my woman character. Here I gained power to discriminate between the things that are valuable and the things that are worthless in life. Here I learned to put the proper estimate upon everything that is lovely and of good report. After the breaking up of our home my father and I spent a few years in Philadelphia, then we went to the home of my eldest sister on Staten Island, New York, where I spent two or three years. We are all scattered now, my brothers in the West, where they have homes and families, we girls happy with our families, too. The old Germantown house, rich in associations, has long been torn down, and the neighborhood about it has undergone tremendous change.

